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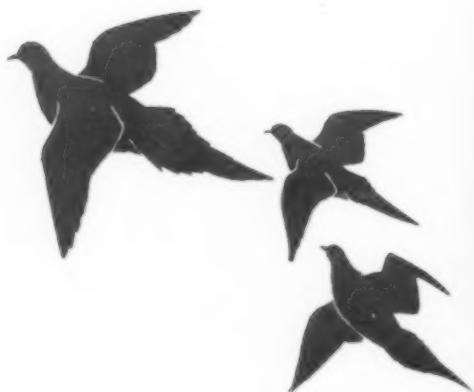
PAINTING IN THE NATIONAL PARKS — Page Fifty-seven

APRIL-JUNE 1954 • 50 CENTS • VOL. 28; NO. 117



*We no longer destroy great works of art. They are treasured and regarded as of priceless value; but we have yet to attain the state of civilization where the destruction of a glorious work of nature, whether it be a cliff, a forest or a species of mammal or bird, is regarded with equal abhorrence.*

—HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN.



# NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE

Published quarterly by The National Parks Association

An independent, non-profit organization with nation-wide membership  
guarding America's heritage of scenic wilderness

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DEVEREUX BUTCHER, Editor

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April-June 1954

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Vol. 28, No. 117

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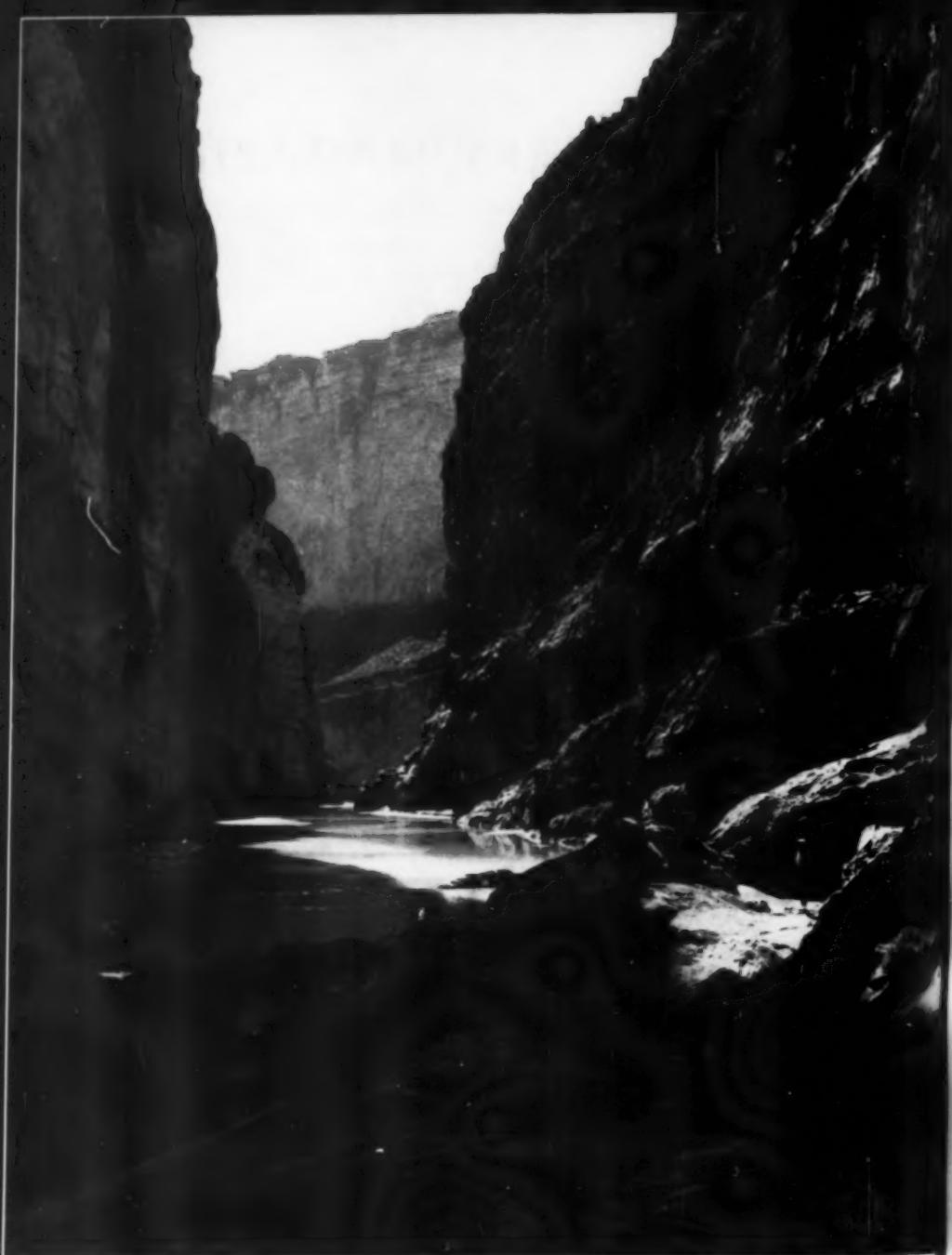
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NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE, formerly National Parks Bulletin, has been published since 1919 by the National Parks Association. It presents articles of importance and of general interest relating to the national parks and monuments, and is issued quarterly for members of the Association and for others who are interested in the preservation of our national parks and monuments as well as in maintaining national park standards, and in helping to preserve wilderness. (See inside back cover.) School or library subscription \$2 a year.

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National Parks Association

Santa Elena Canyon, Big Bend National Park.—  
"Awe inspiring spectacles are seen merely as curiosities; the true meaning has been forgotten."

# The Challenge of Our National Parks

By SIGURD F. OLSON, President  
National Parks Association

AMERICA is proud of her national parks. The glories of these beautiful areas are recorded in uncounted millions of photographs. Scenes of their brilliant canyons, plunging waterfalls, and snow capped peaks adorn public buildings, offices, and homes all over the land. They lend dignity to the pages of books and magazines. Every state where a park or monument is located emblazons it in promotional literature.

Americans cherish and enjoy these last remnants of our continent's primeval grandeur. As proof, over a quarter of our population, 46,000,000 people, saw them in 1953. The majority believe that these areas belonging to them are safe forever, that their children and their children's children will always have them to enjoy.

They do not know that the National Park Service is fighting to hold the line in the face of reduced personnel and appropriations; that facilities are breaking down; that on account of unprecedented public use, it is no longer possible to give these superlative areas the protection they deserve.

They do not know that demands are constantly being made by a misinformed portion of the public for uses in the national parks and monuments that were never intended, uses that are in direct conflict with the ideal of leaving them unimpaired for all time. They are generally unaware of the powerful pressures that exist for the invasion of such areas as Dinosaur National Monument and Glacier and Olympic national parks. They are ignorant of the fact that Congress fails consistently to supply necessary funds and seems to measure the worth of the parks and monuments solely by the yardstick of public entertainment, material resource values, and the number of people who visit them yearly.

A strange situation, this, in enlightened America, and one that could not have been predicted in the early days of park establishment. Then the problems were simple, for America had not yet taken to the road. The statement of policy in the congressional act establishing the National Park Service was clear, "to promote and regulate the use of federal areas known as the national parks, monuments, and reservations . . . and to provide for the enjoyment of the same in such manner and by such means as will leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations.

The *National Park Standards* state explicitly that the parks are for the enjoyment, education, and inspiration of all the people for all time. In commenting on the meaning of this statement, former Director of the National Park Service, Newton B. Drury, said, "The enjoyment envisioned in the Act creating the National Park Service is refreshment of mind and spirit as well as physical refreshment, and for that reason development for recreational use (i.e. outdoor sports) must be subordinated to the preservation and interpretation of the significant and historical features."

Director Conrad L. Wirth stated recently, "The objective of the National Park Service in administering the national parks is to maintain their integrity of purpose as defined by Congress." There has never been any question as to the real intent of Congress or the National Park Service in the management and protection of these areas.

What then is wrong? Why are we faced today with a situation in which these much used and valued heritages of the people are threatened with degeneration and possible destruction?

The answer lies in the development of an erroneous concept as to the real mean-

ing of the national parks. Half a century of travel advertising that has stressed the physical attractions of the parks without emphasizing the spiritual and intangible values has had its effect. As a result, many have come to regard the parks primarily as public playgrounds and recreation centers that merely provide opportunities for exciting holidays at picturesque resorts. Scenery and atmosphere have become only incidental commodities on the tourist market, and entertainment features have developed, which while appropriate in the usual vacation areas, are definitely not in keeping with national park standards. As might be expected with this attitude, vandalism and carelessness have become major evils and refuse disposal a serious problem. Awe inspiring spectacles are often seen merely as curiosities. The true meaning of the national parks has been forgotten in the holiday rush.

Is it any wonder that there is a never ending clamor for more and more developments and entertainment facilities? Is it surprising that we are faced with the strange contradiction of a government pledged to the protection of these areas, actually urging the invasion of Dino and National Monument, thereby setting a precedent which could destroy the entire national park system? Is it unexpected that elaborate chair lifts are being urged for Rocky Mountain and Mount Rainier national parks?

We can expect a continuation of such demands in the future. We can look forward to no relief from Congress until the people speak so clearly and forcefully that there will be no question as to their wishes. They will speak only when the present concept has changed, when the parks are seen by the majority not as amusement centers but as a treasured part of our cultural heritage.

The great challenge is public education, an attempt to correct the false concept that is prevalent among so many. Unless this is done, we cannot remain true to our trust.

We know that public opinion evolves slowly. However, we have media today for moving much more swiftly and effectively than in the past, the press, radio, television, color motion pictures, and skills in using all of these for educational purposes.

We must tell our people that these areas are their museums of the past; that through them they can see not only what the continent was like before the white man came, but the whole unfolding story of the ages. That the parks are part of our culture must be emphasized; that they are our greatest exhibits of nature's handiwork, and that their wonders and beauties if marred or tampered with, can never be restored or replaced.

We spend millions of dollars to protect and exhibit man-made works of art. We guard these treasures and would not presume to improve upon them. We hang old masterpieces in exactly the right light, and are hushed and reverent before them. We listen to the world's best symphonies with awe and delight. No one would dream of retouching a Rembrandt or revising a score of Beethoven. Those things are sacred and toward them we have profound respect.

We fail to see our parks as equally sacred and magnificent, that in them we have paintings on a continental scale, museums that cannot be approached by anything conceived by man, majestic symphonies that no one can ever record. These are our greatest masterpieces of all. They are capable of stirring grander emotions, and contributing more to national character and happiness than anything we have been able to save of the past.

I believe that when the people are informed, when they come to realize the true significance of their parks, that improper developments, as well as industrial threats will cease. When that time comes, the new concept will take hold of their imaginations and make them so proud and jealous of their heritage that never again will misuse be tolerated. When that time

*(Continued on page 85)*

# The Story Of the Wildlife Refuge Program

## Part II

By JAY N. DARLING, former Chief  
U. S. Biological Survey

Cartoons by the author

*This concludes the amazing account of "Ding's" two years struggle to launch the wildlife refuge system, Part I of which appeared in our foregoing (January-March 1954) issue.—Editor.*

A HOWL of derisive and ribald criticism greeted President Franklin D. Roosevelt's newly appointed Duck Committee on the morning of our arrival for our first meeting in Washington.

This was in mid-December, 1934, after a frighteningly disasterous season for all migratory waterfowl. Duck hunters, wildlife conservationists and sporting arms and ammunition manufacturers were raising

There were millions, but not one  
penny for wildlife restoration.





I received in return one of his gorgeous smiles.

such a hullabaloo that the President, in an effort to dodge the political brickbats and dead cats being hurled at the United States Biological Survey in particular and the administration and Congress in general, had named a committee of three civilian strangers on which he unloaded the problem. The outdoor writers and sports pages were particularly outspoken. One commentator pointed out that the political medicine-makers were happy that the hot end of the poker had been transferred to the hands of three inexperienced tenderfeet, a comment the significance of which we, the committee members, did not fully appreciate at the time.

It is somewhat revealing to note the babe-in-the-woods naiveté of the newly arrived committee that our first official act upon

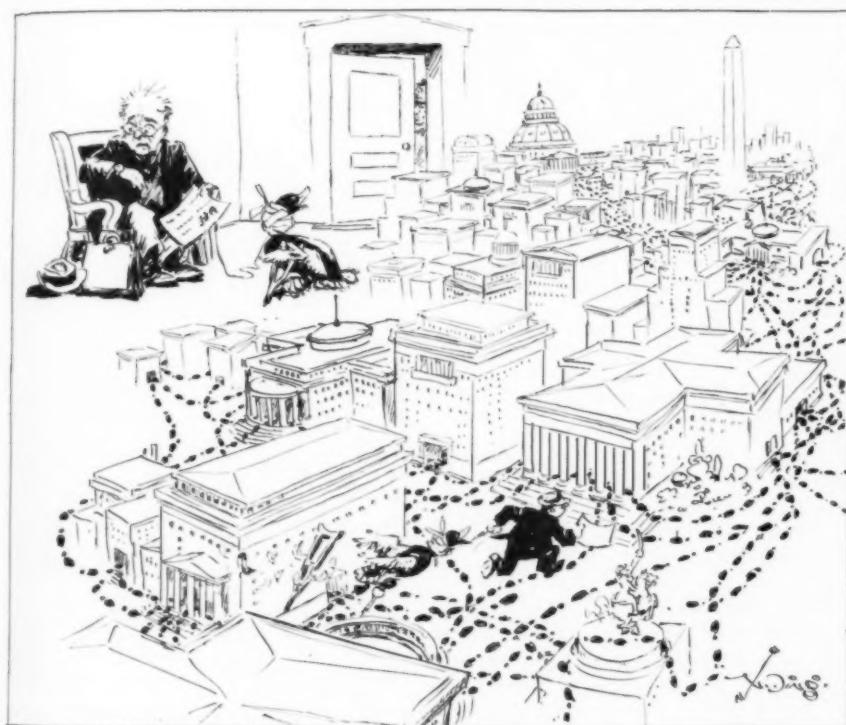
reaching Washington was to call on and pay our respects to the Biological Survey, whose scalps had just been removed without benefit of anesthetic and hung bleeding at our belts as we invaded their sanctum. Our visit was as welcome as a hawk in a chicken yard. The division chiefs and staff scientists of that bureau had dedicated their lives to the study and analysis of migratory waterfowl and its relationship to human welfare. They had a head start over the President's committee by a good many years of practical experience, several dozen college degrees and a file of background data on which we, the committee members, had nothing. The Biological Survey looked upon us with ill-concealed disdain. When asked by our committee for any suggestions they might wish to give, one of the division

chiefs (a little more warm-hearted than the rest) suggested that we go back where we came from and leave the job to somebody who knew something about it.

After the shock of that reception, we needed a little encouragement, but President Franklin D. Roosevelt was sorry to be so very busy that he could not see us just then. Except for the cordial welcome extended by Henry Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, it seemed that we were condemned from the start, individually and collectively. Mr. Wallace, however, loaned us a spare room and some chairs and a table, and at F. D. R.'s request, turned over to the committee an accumulation of White House mail containing advice and recommendations for

the restoration of the waterfowl. We studied and discussed them all, but for the most part, they were quite impractical. The letters contained a dozen variations of the suggestion to "hatch millions of wild ducks in electric incubators and turn the ducklings loose as soon as they could fly." Where to get a million wild duck eggs for incubation was not made clear. Another favorite suggestion was to multiply the wild duck population by artificial insemination—cattle breeders were employing it successfully, why not apply it to the ducks? But by a wide margin, the most popular method to save the ducks was to "stop men from shooting them." Many of the President's correspondents thought that duck hunters and

I could always read the message  
and hit the trail with new hope.



munition makers were a rum lot anyway, and the more restrictions put upon them the better. The prohibitions on shooting ran all the way from two years to eternity. Here again the correspondence fell short of a completed program, since no one had offered any way of enforcing a closed season, which seemed to offer about the same difficulties as enforcement of the late lamented prohibition experiment.

Before we had been called to Washington, the members of the committee were aware of the many efforts of independent sportsmen of means and a goodly number of plush duck clubs who, while opposed to any restrictions on their shooting privileges, were nevertheless showing considerable anxiety over the declining duck population. Their sporadic efforts to find a simple home remedy had been publicized extensively in the hope of attracting wide cooperation.

Ring-streaked and speckled crossbreeds of wild mallards and various strains of domestic ducks were hatched under hens and tossed into the air by hopeful gun club workers. With silent disappointment they watched their home-reared hybrids show a decided preference for home comforts and food—shall we say “social security”—of the chicken yard. None ever got far enough away from home to reach the migratory lanes of travel of the wild varieties.

A privately supported organization known as “More Game Birds in America,” with an expensive technical staff largely financed by the aforementioned Joseph P. Knapp, owner of Crowell Publishing Company, a fabulous sportsman, made a determined effort at considerable cost to replenish the depleted ranks of wild ducks by artificial methods. Knapp was not one to spare the horses, and every possible device was used in his hatcheries. Unfortunately the offspring from his breeding farms looked upon anyone in a khaki uniform as a free meal ticket and hastened to flock around him, even alighting on his shoulders whenever

they spied a hunter in sedge-colored clothes. The best thing Knapp’s early organization ever hatched was “Ducks Unlimited,” which is doing in Canada what the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service is doing on this side of the border.

James M. Bell, of Minneapolis, a man with considerably more understanding than most, set up a research unit in Canada to determine the breeding, feeding and flight habits of the canvasback and redhead ducks. Later he turned it over to the Wildlife Management Institute and the Fish and Wildlife Service, after a completely convincing series of experiments which proved that nature in her vast domain, if left reasonably alone, could do a better job of replenishing the supply of wild ducks than man.

The possibilities of putting water back on the artificially drained and dried up duck nesting marshes as a means of replenishing the fading wild duck population had not appeared in any of the letters to the President. One letter, however, that had come addressed to the committee, in care of Henry Wallace, was from an ex-fish and game commissioner of North Dakota. The letter was explicit. There were, in all, one and a quarter million acres of fine old duck marshes north of Minot, North Dakota, which now had nothing left on them but cockleburs and bankrupt farmers. Ever since the drainage engineers had criss-crossed the area with drainage ditches, the spring freshets, formerly held back on the marshes and potholes north of town, now descended in flood stages, overflowed the Mouse River banks to flood the main streets of Minot. By mid-summer there was not enough water flowing through the city of Minot in the old river channel to flush away the city’s sewage. The members of the committee could not be certain whether the writer was speaking without bias. Letters of inquiry addressed to the North Dakota conservation commissioner and the county engineer brought prompt confirmation. It was a generally

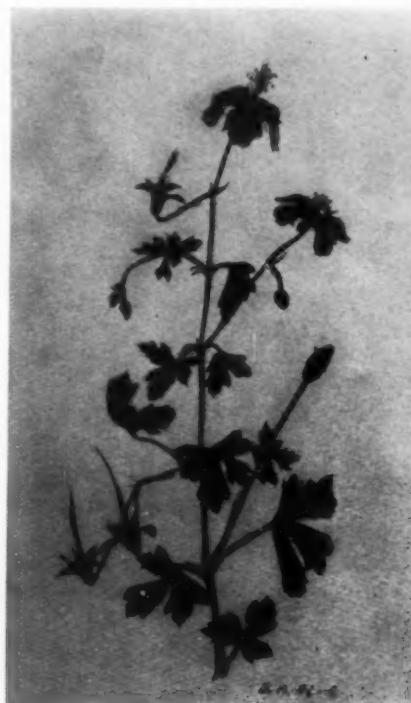
(Continued on page 86)

# Painting in the National Parks

By DONALD M. BLACK, Ranger  
Grand Canyon National Park

ACH YEAR thousands of additional recruits join the ranks of amateur painters, and they are looking for new and different subjects. Since our national parks are the select scenic areas, greater numbers of painters are taking a more serious interest in what our national parks and monuments have to offer. One who begins to paint is like a boy who is given a microscope—his familiar back yard becomes a world of new interests. Park visitors who

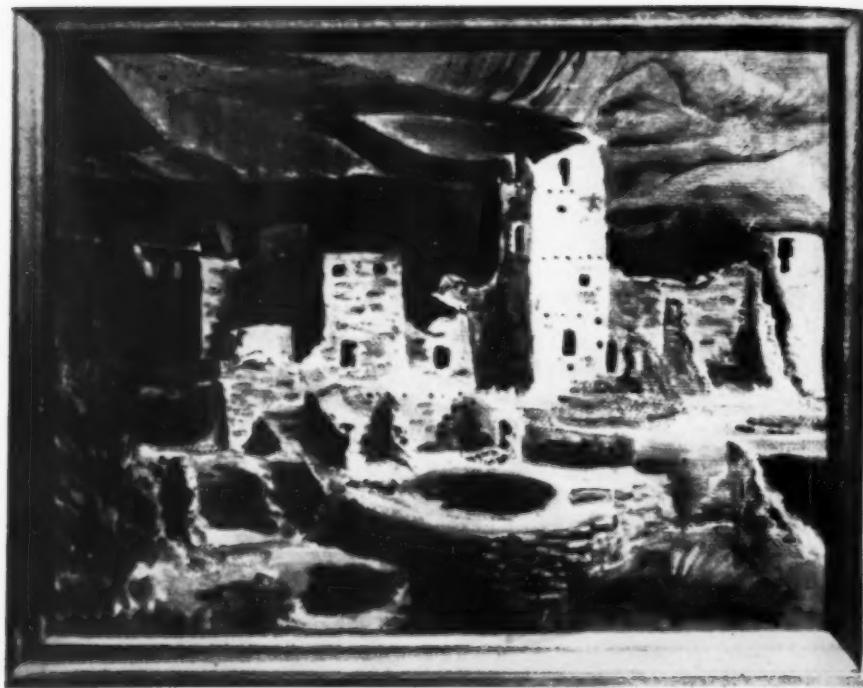
Park wild flowers in water color by the author's wife.



paint, do not make flight-of-the-bumblebee trips to the major points of interest. They stay a while.

Each park offers a special challenge. The geysers of Yellowstone require techniques of painting that are unlike those best suited to convey the rugged effects of the Grand Canyon; the blues of Crater Lake

**THE COVER**—This is reproduced from a sketch in oil showing the Grand Canyon from the south rim. It illustrates well the matters of composition and selection mentioned in this article, for although the scene may be identified, it has been somewhat altered in the painting for the sake of composition. It was painted by Devereux Butcher.



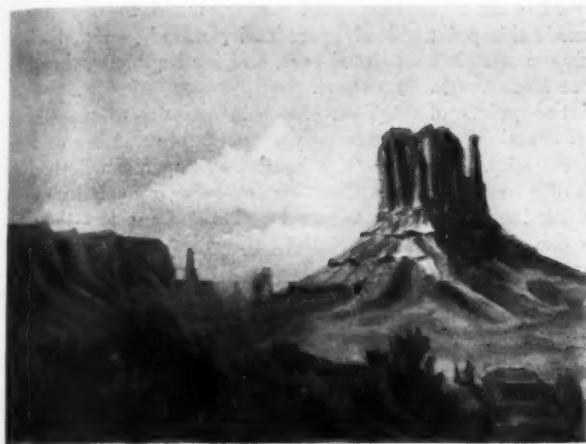
**Cliff Palace Ruins at Mesa Verde, like other prehistoric Indian ruins, are especially enticing to the painter. This scene and the three following were done by the author.**

differ from the hazy blues of the mountains of Saguaro National Monument; and Indian ruins perched high on the sheer walls of Canyon de Chelly certainly present a different "feel" from the stalactites of Carlsbad Caverns. To observe with a "painter's eye" enhances esthetic enjoyment because texture, form and color take on new significance. The joy of seeing is more fully realized. The unlimited pleasures to be derived from this bounteous natural resource are becoming apparent to more and more people each year.

I paint for three reasons. First, to gain relaxation, secondly, to satisfy a longing to do creative work, and lastly, to better understand the things around me. Probably the first two reasons are the ones that lead

most people to take up painting. One need not expect or even strive to become an artist. What one may need most is a hobby. My third reason probably would hold greater weight with park rangers and naturalists. Seeing with the eye of a painter reveals in more vivid clarity the beauty and moods of nature—the things unconsciously sought after and retained longest in the mind of the park visitor. No two people see alike, and it is the efforts to depict a mood that account for the variety of effects in paintings of the same scene.

Desire and practice are the only "musts" for learning to paint with reasonable success. These are far more important than inborn ability, if one is to enjoy trying to express emotions in terms of line, mass and



**The spectacular forms of Monument Valley provide limitless thrilling material.**

color. The end product is not as important as the new vistas of pleasure experienced while painting. Of course, if the finished work is pleasing, greater will be the satisfaction.

Nature does not always provide a perfect composition. Nearly always it is necessary to make some rearrangement. If it is an exact copy you want, then you had better trade your brushes and paint for a camera and roll of film. The camera reproduces only what it sees. It cannot interpret and

it cannot select. It is the painter's ability to interpret what he sees, that is all important; and this is the basis for the fascination inherent in painting. The painter shows how he feels about a scene in many ways, not the least of which is the way he stresses certain features and subdues others. He has the ability to select.

The human eye can see only one object or feature at a time. At that moment, everything else becomes the setting or background of the object of attention. This must

**White House Ruins at Canyon de Chelly suggest the possibilities of the monument as a painter's paradise.**



be true in painting. In my early days of painting, an artist friend made this point clear to me while criticising a sketch I had made of Indian ruins at Mesa Verde. The painting actually had two points of interest that demanded equal attention.

Simplicity of design is essential. Few people remember the details of a scene, but most recall how they felt while looking at it. It is how one felt—how one responded to it—that lingers in the memory. Beauty is in the mind of the beholder. Viscount Grey of Fallodon, K. G., said, "Of all the joys of life which may fairly come under the head of recreation, there is nothing more great, more refreshing, more beneficial in the widest sense of the word, than a real love of the beauty of the world. . . If we have it, we possess a pearl of great price."

A friend of mine painted a picture from memory. All who saw it thought they knew exactly where the subject was, but no two named the same place. Its location, really, was of little importance.

Planning a composition is also essential. Good composition may compensate for poor rendition, but good rendition without good composition is a lost cause from the start. The main point of interest may occupy any spot on the canvas, although often it is placed a little to the right of center. The horizon almost never should divide the composition into two equal parts. It is well to eliminate anything that might tend to lead the eye of the observer out of the picture. But rules are few, and the sky is the limit.

A small, intimate subject such as a log cabin, a wooden bridge or a fence may be heart-warming like a Straus waltz; while a vast canyon or mountain scene may be thrilling like a Wagnerian opera. One may try his hand at whatever appeals most at the time. Paint what, when and how you want to, and not necessarily what you think you can do best, and experiment with all kinds of media. Oil paints are perhaps the most versatile, because they can be applied

heavily or thinly, made to dry fast or slowly; are easily mixed, scraped off or painted over, and for beginners, they have no equal.

Your choice in quantity of supplies depends on your pocketbook. A set of water colors, a brush and paper can be had for less than two dollars, and a small set of oil paints can be obtained for less than five dollars. But painters' supplies come in all



Details of the western scene, such as a Grand Canyon mule, offer additional opportunities for creative expression.

kinds of qualities, and you can pay as much as you want to.

Family painting can be a lot of fun. When wild flowers are in bloom, my wife and I spend hours in the field, she painting the flowers in water color, and I painting buildings, fences or trees in oil.

Recently a painting fad took root in the community at Grand Canyon National Park. I induced a neighbor to try his hand,

and before long, his enthusiasm became contagious. Even some of the Hopi Indians began to paint. And why not? "There are moments in our lives when we seem to see beyond the usual. We reach then into reality. Such are the moments of our greatest happiness. At such times there is a song going on within us, a song to which we

listen . . . we live in the memory of those songs. . . . They are the pinnacles of our experience, and it is the desire to express these intimate sensations, this song from within, which motivates the masters of all art." So wrote the artist Robert Henri, in his book *The Art Spirit*, J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1923.

## EVERGLADES NATIONAL PARK ENLARGED

Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay, on March 12, revised the Everglades National Park Boundaries to include an additional 271,000 acres. The area, part of it donated by the Collier Corporation, contains some of the Ten Thousand Islands on the northwest corner of the park. It brings the boundary close to the town of Everglades which now might be considered the park's west entrance. Eventually, facilities may make it possible for visitors to travel by boat from Everglades south through the intricate mangrove-bordered waterways to Coot Bay. Under park protection, the new area should become valuable to wildlife.

## DINOSAUR AND THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

The March issue of the *National Geographic Magazine* features Dinosaur National Monument in an article by Jack Breed. Describing a boat trip down the Yampa and Green rivers, it is illustrated with twenty-two photographs, fifteen of which are in color. There is also a map of the monument area, with shore lines of the proposed reservoirs drawn in. Anyone who has not had the opportunity previously to see kodachrome slides or other color pictures of the monument should try to see these. They are outstanding in quality and give an excellent impression of the true beauty of the area. Kodachromes are by Jack Breed, Justin Locke and Martin Litton, the latter a member of your Association's Board of Trustees. Of interest, also, are the two black and white views of Echo Park made from a negative by your field representative, taken from Harper's Corner. These show the scene as it looks today and as it would look if Echo Park dam is built. (Similar views are shown on the two center pages of this issue of *NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE*.) Your Association submitted copies of the March *Geographic* to all members of the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs.

## COLORFUL AMERICA

Your Western Representative, C. Edward Graves, who has been photographing the West in color since 1940, is offering to Association members his superb 2x2 kodachrome slide sets. Under the title *Colorful America*, the twenty-three sets vary from ten to forty slides each, and every set is accompanied by a script. They cover such subjects as the national parks, national monuments, national forests, wilderness areas, western mountains and deserts. There is also a set on the wild flowers of the Sierra Nevada, another on the trees of the Sierra Nevada, one on California's redwood country, and on the scenery of the Monterey Peninsula. The sets are valuable not only because of their unusually high quality of photography, but because they serve as a reference library of information on the scenery of the West. Each slide is priced at forty cents. For full information, write to Mr. Graves, Box SS, Carmel, California.

## GABRIELSON SOUNDS ALARM AT WILDLIFE CONFERENCE

**I**N the opening address of the Nineteenth North American Wildlife Conference, held in Chicago on March 8, 9 and 10, Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson, President, Wildlife Management Institute, deplored that after one year, the new administration has established no constructive conservation program. Said Dr. Gabrielson:

"Little interest has been shown by the two departments (Interior and Agriculture) responsible for our conservation estate in protecting the gains made in the past.

"The Interior Department has refused to take a positive stand with regard to perpetuation of the national parks and monuments and wildlife refuges for which it is responsible. There have been repeated statements that every attempt to invade parks and refuges will be judged on its merits. This seems to be a way of saying that if political pressures become strong enough, we want to be in a position to yield.

"The department has been willing to oppose the timber raid in Olympic Park, but it has recommended destruction of Dinosaur Monument. In addition, they proposed expenditure of \$21,000,000 to develop a Coney Island type of recreational set-up on the reservoir, in the midst of one of the greatest scenic wonders of this land. A smaller sum, not available, would make the present magnificent Dinosaur accessible by good roads.

"The department has not shown interest in the Metcalf bill, H. R. 6081, which, if enacted, would give the department an opportunity to do a better job of administering the Taylor grazing lands. It made a favorable report on H. R. 4646, one of the crudest attempted land grabs in recent years. Representatives of the department testified in favor of the D'Ewart bill, H. R. 4023, the stockmen's attempt to pull down the administration of the national forests, and it liberalized the migratory bird hunting regulations beyond the point justified by its own reports.

"The Department of Agriculture emasculated the Soil Conservation Service's technical staff, and no one can tell yet how adverse the effect of this will be on the soil conservation program. Most conservationists believe it will

be very bad. Agriculture prepared a strong adverse report on the D'Ewart bill, which was suppressed somewhere along the line by behind the scenes pressure. It sent to the House Committee an equally strong adverse report on H. R. 4646, and then withdrew its objections under pressure.

"Both departments have taken practically all of the top positions in the conservation bureaus out of the career service and laid the ground work for this or future administrations to fill these posts with political hacks.

"The Public Lands Committee of Congress, under the chairmanship of Congressman D'Ewart, had distinguished itself by constant efforts to help the 'gimme boys.' The D'Ewart bill, sponsored by the chairman of this committee, would have given the livestock operators a first and second mortgage on all of the national forests. The committee reported out favorably H. R. 4646, introduced by Congressman Ellsworth. It took out all the safeguards that Ellsworth had written into the bill, in an effort to make it easy for lumber companies to raid any national forest, wildlife park, or national park.

"The D'Ewart mining bill, H. R. 4983, a bill to head off legislation to correct present abuses under the mining laws, was also reported out. No congressional committee has taken favorable action on good measures, such as the Metcalf bill, H. R. 6081; the Johnson bill, H. R. 1037, to make Dinosaur a national park; and others.

"The brightest spot has been the Congress itself, which has refused to go along with these attempted raids. H. R. 4646 was beaten on the floor by an overwhelming vote. The D'Ewart mining bill, H. R. 4983, was killed by three objectors. There was so much adverse sentiment on the D'Ewart bill, H. R. 4023, that it never got out of committee. I am hopeful that a similar fate will greet other bills of this nature.

"Stockmen have maneuvered to get other bills introduced by Senator Aiken and Congressman Hope, both good conservationists. The bills, as introduced, with the exception of one or two clauses, are comparatively innocuous. Nevertheless, the Senate bill has been amended in committee to give the stock

men nearly all that they would have gotten under the D'Ewart bill. If it is reported out in that form, it should be beaten as soundly as H. R. 4646. Hearings have been held in the House on the companion Hope bill, but there is no information yet as to committee action.

"Conservationists have been aware of these dangers, and it is their activity in alerting congressmen who are interested in these re-

sources that have made it possible to hold the line. Only as you who believe in maintaining and managing these public lands continue to take active interest, can these lands be held for public use for generations yet to come. I hope that the conservation forces continue to gain in strength not only to protect what we now have, but to push ahead in obtaining better management of our resources."

## OIL IN THE EVERGLADES

**A** NEW oil well has just come in near Forty-Mile Bend, thirty-five miles west of Miami, on the north border of Everglades National Park. A report in the *Tampa Morning Tribune* for March 8, strongly slanted toward the oil interests, states that the well is expected to produce between 200 and 250 barrels a day. If this well conforms to other Florida wells, its yield will rapidly decline. In October, at a depth of 11,558 feet, another well had brought in a very low grade of oil here.

These two wells are the result of many years of effort to find oil in the Everglades area.

What are the chances of this proving to be a productive area? Forty miles northwest of this location is the Sunnyland field, not close to the park. This began to produce in 1944. In 1948, your then Executive Secretary Devereux Butcher visited the field and reported on it in **NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE** for April-June of that year, page 34. He remarked that "Six or seven producing wells here are bringing in 800 barrels a day—the equivalent of two tank cars." Today, the Sunnyland field has a dozen wells producing a total of about 1200 barrels a day—a hundred barrels a day per well, which is the minimum for a well to be commercially productive—and the yield here is steadily decreasing. During 1953, the field produced 50,000 barrels fewer than in 1952, or a total of 541,284 barrels for 1953. A geologist, Charles Hendry, says that the same limestone forma-

tions that underlie the Sunnyland field, also spread out beneath the Everglades area.

How strongly the eternal dollar holds sway over all other considerations in this matter is revealed in the same *Tampa Morning Tribune* report. Says the *Tribune*: "Along with the donation of land under the administration of former Governor Millard Caldwell, the state provided the federal government with \$2,000,000 with which to buy up privately owned land in the 'Glades for inclusion in the park. Many such sellers held the oil and mineral rights to their land. They are now in the ranks of those who urge the state on in its efforts to have the park thrown open to oil drillers." Commenting on the views of geologists and agents of the major oil companies, the *Tribune* says that "they often point out the necessity for drilling in the park if the extent of 'Glades oil resources is ever to be known."

"Discovery of a second oil field on the fringes of the Everglades National Park," adds the *Tribune*, "is regarded by top oil men of the major companies as the 'most encouraging' development in the long years of exploration in the state. Some said they now 'feel we're secure' in the continued search for oil."

The harmful effect that an oil field in and along the borders of the park would have on the natural conditions of the area can hardly be imagined. However, the new Forty-Mile Bend well has not yet proved itself commercially productive.

# Mount Rainier—a Resort

By DEVEREUX BUTCHER, Field Representative  
National Parks Association

**A**CCORDING to the Automobile Club of Washington, visitors to Mount Rainier National Park will no longer be attracted by the wonders and beauties of the park, but by a modernistic lodge. The caption under an architect's drawing of a proposed lodge building shown on the front page of the club's monthly newspaper, *The Washington Motorist*, for February, 1954, says, "This is the type of structure which would lure thousands of visitors from all over the nation to Mount Rainier."

The first line of type on the front page, bold, black and an inch high, says, "Modernize the Mountain."

Under the heading "As Things Could Be," is this concept of the national park idea: "A beautiful modern lodge, set amid the breathtaking majesty of Mount Rainier, a well-appointed restaurant, a swimming pool, tennis courts, hiking paths, spacious green lawns—these are the things most vacationists seek. And these are the things envisioned by the Auto Club for Mount Rainier. Even the present meager facilities at Mount Rainier draw thousands of tourists annually. Just imagine the thousands upon thousands of tourist dollars which would flow across our borders to find their way to every city, home and business in the state! With proper promotion and development, thousands of people from all

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Late in February, two or three weeks after publication of the February issue of *The Washington Motorist*, a meeting was held between three officials of the Automobile Club of Washington and officials of the National Park Service. Immediately following that meeting, a press statement appeared in a Tacoma, Washington, newspaper that seemed to indicate that the club's officials had gained a better appreciation of the Park Service's policies and problems.—Editor.

over the world will stream to Mount Rainier 'to throw snowballs on the Fourth of July.'

The club does not regard Mount Rainier National Park as something very special, to be protected against all forms of commercial development, but as something decidedly ordinary—just like any other area of land: "The Automobile Club is not interested in the commercial development of Mount Rainier *per se*. We are vitally interested, however, in the commercial development of the State of Washington—and that includes Mount Rainier." And the club says "there is little doubt that our first goal will be the revision of policies that govern all national parks."

The extent to which the club proposes to carry its scheme for commercial invasion and mutilation of landscape is shown by, "There also may be a problem about the type of ski tow, whether it should be an enclosed cable car or an open chair lift. Skiers may hold the view that open chairs would allow skiers to keep their skis on during the trip. Others will point out that families and young children would feel safer in an enclosed car if the vehicle should become stalled in mid-trip high above a chasm." The club already has picked the site for a cable tramway, as indicated in the caption accompanying a picture of Paradise Valley: "This is Paradise, the valley across which the Auto Club and Governor Langlie's committee recommend the erection of an aerial tramway or cable car."

The kind of opinion the club has of the Park Service is shown by this: "During the past two decades, the National Park Service has created for itself an all-powerful stranglehold on the development of our national parks. Current attitudes concerning increased recreation and vacation facilities are based not on the letter of the law,

but on a slowly acquired operational policy. In the Auto Club's drive to modernize accommodations and facilities at Mount Rainier, it is not necessary to change any law—rather, it is necessary to change the thinking and actions of the National Park Service. A unique paradox becomes apparent when representatives of the Park Service preach honeyed words of Utopian recreational developments, while at the same time preventing anyone from developing the parks for maximum enjoyment of all the people. If the better enjoyment of Mount Rainier's beauty can be furthered by the construction of a tramway or cable car to the top of a single peak, then that facility should not be forbidden merely because a man behind a desk in Washington, D. C., thinks that construction would mar the beauty of the entire park. Current National Park Service policies move one to wonder just what pleasure, benefit and enjoyment the parks are intended to provide."

The club's President D. K. MacDonald says, "We will not be deterred in this action. We will not be put off by alibis or excuses." And the club's General Manager J. C. Gregory says, "The club intends to work within the National Park Service's desire to preserve the natural beauties of Mount Rainier, while promoting the construction of modern lodge accommodations, ski facilities and methods by which the highway to the area can be kept open throughout the year."

Robert Sterling Yard, first executive secretary of the National Parks Association, writing in *National Parks Bulletin*, predecessor to **NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE**, for April, 1927, said: "The enemy we fight is neither people, nor business, nor state, nor section, but ignorance. We shall win in the end, not by conflict, but by bringing to those who have not discovered it, knowledge of the purpose and mission of our national park system."

As we see it, there are two things the officials of the Automobile Club of Washington might like to know: The purpose

of the national park system, and the origin of the national policy governing it.

The parks are for the complete protection of primeval conditions of nature. In the words of Robert Sterling Yard again: "National parks have always been, are now, and must remain, areas of original unmodified conditions, each the finest example of its scenic type in the country, preserved as a system from all industrial use." And Yard added, "The day that sees these historic standards lowered in any part of the system will begin the entire system's deterioration to the common level of playground reservations of any type. All will then be lost of this proud possession except a name." The parks are a very special kind of reservation. The all-important thing is to keep them as nature made them, except insofar as there must be reasonable access to allow people to come in and see their primeval landscapes—see how America looked before the white man came.

It may be true that many people do seek swimming pools, tennis courts, green lawns and other artificial amusements and environments during their vacations, and such things are abundantly available all across our country for those who want them; but that is not what the national parks are for. The national parks are nature sanctuaries, not resorts.

As for the national policy under which the Park Service administers the national parks, this is not something dreamed up a couple of decades ago by some Washington official. It has evolved over many decades, and it has been strengthened through the years whenever the need has arisen. It reflects national thinking, and it has been carried out through the peoples' elected representatives in Congress. Today, it is vigorously upheld from coast to coast by those who understand what is at stake. The Park Service operates in conformity to it. Support of the national park policy is greater today than ever.

It may be that when we are ready to set up beer parlors and dance halls inside our

churches and museums of art, we shall also be ready to do the same inside the national parks. Let us make certain that that time will never come.

We should like to conclude by quoting a statement that has come entirely from outside our National Parks Association. It will help to show the attitude of informed thinkers everywhere, with regard to our national parks. The statement was made at the Mid-Century Conference on Resources for the Future, held in Washington, D. C., early last December, by Mr. Ernest F. Swift, former Wisconsin director of conservation, and newly appointed assistant to the director, U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Mr. Swift was addressing himself to the assigned question, "How adequately are the needs for the more highly developed recreational areas being provided for in the national and state forests and parks?" Mr. Swift said in part:

"In our state and national forests today we are constantly stressing the proposition of multiple use; and in our parks we seem to stress the philosophy of a multiple mess.

"After consulting with all the august authorities on scenic values, we with great pomp and circumstance, dedicate some virginal solitude as a haven and rest for God's underprivileged. Then after the ceremony, what do we do? We gut it with roads; we clutter it with overnight cabins, which have the appearance of glorified Chick Sales; we build dance halls, golf courses, tennis courts, knickknack shops and cutthroat eating joints; we reduce the wildlife to a W. P. A. status; then we stand around and beam with pride when some coronary prospect remarks, 'Ain't nature grand? I wouldn't miss this for the world.'

"When I think of prostituting our scenic grandeur to such a multiple mess, it curdles my blood. I have seen Mount Rushmore a number of times in the past twelve years. I belong to the school which believes that God's sculpturing of the mountain was superior to that of Mr. Borglum's; be that as it may, changes have been apparent after each of my visits. This past summer I found a parking lot, a restaurant and a knickknack shop as a sort of spiritual background from which to

view the four Presidents. These accoutrements of civilization should have been placed so that people had to walk at least a mile. I will never go back.

"On my one visit to Yellowstone National Park, the thought occurred that Steinbeck, in writing *The Grapes of Wrath*, could have studied it for source material. The same thought came to mind at Yosemite.

"It is my understanding that concessions are a necessary evil in national park financing. But even with adequate budgets I suspect that many would attempt to justify concessions as something which the public demands. Adequate budgets should produce better planning and management and overcome the wishy-washy excuse that it is necessary to clutter up the most outstanding scenery on the North American continent with honky-tonk and carnival atmosphere.

"Has the long week-end increased the percentage of church-goers? Has this era of technology and leisure resulted in more profound students of government or land ecology? Or has it simply increased the opportunity for more night club parties, bridge games, automobile accidents and despoilers of nature? If the integrity and spiritual virtues of present-day man have not been materially improved by more leisure, what basic defense is there for carrying on a holy crusade for still higher living standards other than self-indulgence. At what point does the law of diminishing return take effect materially as well as spiritually?

"Today the American people insist on increasingly expensive forms of entertainment and amusement, which have no relation to a healthy physical or mental development. In fact, we are becoming neurotic in the mad pursuit of pleasure to overcome neurotic nerves. Our growing inability to manage our resources, either for economic use or recreation-wise, is deep seated. We must do much soul-searching and turn on the glaring light of self-analysis before we can expect improvement. Until we are willing to give honest appraisal to our present governmental and social structure fondly called the American way of life, we will continue down the road which will ultimately lead us to poverty, degradation and decay. We have sown the wind; do we reap the whirlwind?"

# How Faithfully Are We Carrying the Torch?

By RALPH THOMAS, President  
American Automobile Association

*This is adapted from a talk given at the American Pioneer Dinner, held in the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., on the evening of February 9. The dinner was sponsored by the American Automobile Association and the Secretary of the Interior. Among the several hundred guests, there were more than eighty senators and representatives.—Editor.*

AM SURE that you have all been impressed, as I have been, with the family spirit that prevails at this gathering. Whether we call it a pioneer dinner, a night in the national parks, or a gathering around the campfire, it is typically American.

We have come together to do honor to some of the great pioneers in both the legislative and executive branches of government, who years ago envisioned the importance of preserving one of America's great heritages—our national parks and monuments. Time does not permit a detailed chronological statement of the achievements of those pioneers, but it is appropriate at this time to mention the names of a few of those sterling characters who envisioned what it would mean to our people to have these great natural, scenic, recreational and historical attractions preserved for posterity.

There were Judge Cornelius Hedges, of Montana, who made the proposal around a campfire, in 1870, that Yellowstone be set aside as a national park; N. P. Langford, who spearheaded the campaign that led to establishment of the park, in 1872; John Muir and George W. Stewart, whose efforts brought Yosemite, Sequoia and General Grant national parks into being; Congressman John F. Lacey, of Iowa, author of the Antiquities Act of 1906, which authorized establishment of national monuments; Dr. J. Horace McFarland, of Pennsylvania, leader of the long effort to establish the National Park Service, created by



Ralph Thomas

law, in 1916; Stephen T. Mather, first Director of the National Park Service, who put the national parks on the map; Congressman Louis Crampton, of Michigan, stalwart supporter of the national parks in the halls of Congress; and Horace M. Albright, Mather's right-hand man for fourteen years, his successor as Director, and still active in promoting the welfare of the national parks.

In a sense, it may be said that we are the second generation. The torch for the preservation of these vast land areas has

been passed along to us and we in turn will pass it along to our sons and daughters.

It seems to me tonight that we might well appraise very briefly the extent to which we in our generation are preserving this great heritage and how faithfully we are carrying the torch.

First, on my own behalf and that of the organization which I have the honor to represent, let me say that the early leaders of our organization gave wholehearted support to the legislative and administrative leaders of our government in their efforts to set aside these areas, which we now know as our national park system. Our Association supported legislation enacted in 1916 to open the parks to the automobile, and through the intervening years there has been the closest cooperation between branches of government charged with the legal responsibilities for the Park Service and our Association, representing millions of users of park facilities.

So our gathering tonight is not only in keeping with tradition, but is in fulfillment of our responsibilities to encourage the maximum degree of use of the park facilities for the enjoyment of our people.

Within the framework of cooperation between government and a public service organization, I hope I may be permitted to make a few observations, both as a result of personal experience, as well as results of a survey that we recently conducted among our affiliated clubs, which annually route millions of tourists to national parks.

While accommodations along the highways of our great nation have been greatly improved, particularly since World War II, accommodations within the park system have improved but little in the last twenty-five years.

While highway and bridge construction throughout the nation has greatly improved, park roads and bridges have, in many important areas, deteriorated to the point where dangerous conditions exist.

While attendance in the national parks has increased from 21,000,000 in 1940 to

46,000,000 in 1952, the number of park personnel during this period has experienced a twenty-four per cent decrease. The result of this trend has been a deterioration in maintenance and protection of valuable natural resources that can never be replaced. Vandalism and defacement are alarmingly widespread.

While I cannot go along with the prophet of gloom as regards the future of our Park Service, it is entirely proper that those of us who have both legal and public responsibilities for the preservation of these great areas should face up to the facts of increasing public demand and decreasing Park Service facilities. Indeed, it may be said that the parks are far from "holding their own" and the trend toward deterioration is being accelerated.

May I, therefore, be so bold as to offer a simple suggestion to our friends in the Congress and in the Interior Department: that somewhere within the government structure there be set up machinery for a thoroughgoing study of this problem—a study that will not seek to establish blame, but rather to develop a constructive long-range program of improvement. There should be no room for criticism in this study. It would seem to me that a committee of such basic elements as the Congress, the Interior Department, and the concessioners, calling in others who are in a position to contribute helpful suggestions, might well represent the turning point for a proper balance between supply and demand. It could devise a program as regards facilities, and also give a realistic approach to steps that should be taken to provide the necessary roads, bridges, public utilities, sanitary facilities, and other essential requirements for proper preservation and use of our park system.

I need not assure you that all of the facilities of the American Automobile Association and our affiliated clubs would be available to such a committee, as they are to the Congress and all the agencies of government today.



We glided effortlessly mile after mile through the scenic grandeur of Yampa Canyon.

## WE EXPLORED DINOSAUR

By STEPHEN J. BRADLEY, Manager  
Winter Park, Colorado

Photographs by Dr. Harold C. Bradley

*This article is adapted from a statement made before the Subcommittee on Irrigation of the Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs of the House of Representatives at the January hearings on the Colorado River Storage project bills. It was only one of many outstandingly excellent statements that were presented to the committee in defense of Dinosaur National Monument.—Editor.*

FOUR YEARS AGO, like most citizens, I knew nothing about Dinosaur National Monument, except that it contained a rare deposit of fossil bones. I visited the tempo-

rary museum at monument headquarters once. I found the fossil exhibits fascinating, and the location a desolate inferno. I had no compelling reasons to see it again.

Nothing in the name "Dinosaur," and certainly nothing that I recall of the museum's photographic exhibits gave any hint of the remarkable canyon country a few miles east.

I also visited the little museum in the nearby town of Vernal. In it was a magnificent display of color pictures featuring Zion, Bryce Canyon, and other beauty spots of Utah. Dinosaur was represented by one uninviting view of a murky stream, an unimpressive segment of curved strata, and sultry sand hills supporting a struggling community of pinion pine.

One day in the summer of 1950, I glanced at a copy of the *Saturday Evening Post*. In it was a feature article by one of America's scrappiest and most respected writers—Bernard DeVoto. You may recall the title: *Shall We Let Them Ruin Our National Parks?* To my astonishment it was all about Dinosaur, the new Dinosaur. In it Mr. DeVoto launched a broadside against Reclamation's proposal to invade the monument with a dam to be known as Echo Park.

As a matter of principle I became interested. The invasion of any national park for such purposes, however worthy, seemed to me to be a most serious scheme, and could only be justified if dire necessity were clearly demonstrated. Yet, from what I had seen, I honestly wondered whether Dinosaur was really of sufficient value to warrant its being a part of our national park system. Knowing the need for water in this region I was anxious to weigh those needs against the value of an area I had never seen.

The following spring, my wife and I were invited to take a boat trip through the monument. I heard it could be done; but I was also a victim of a persistent superstition, one almost as popular today as it was then, that the rivers were mighty torrents, which only the most adventurous and foolhardy would dare attempt; hardly the place to take my wife.

I had seen the thundering Colorado in

the Grand Canyon, from the safety of shore, and the prospect of facing that kind of experience in a boat filled me with anxiety. We very nearly refused the invitation. We agreed to go, finally, only on the assurance of Bus Hatch, our guide from Vernal—who has probably been through the monument more times than any other living person—that it was quite safe.

Once inside the Yampa Canyon, I suddenly realized that we were in a scenic area, the like of which for sheer dramatic beauty—of color, form, movement and sound—I had never experienced anywhere, and I have visited over one-third of our national parks. To my relief, our river, instead of being a thrashing torrent, was a most gentle host. We sat back and, for nearly a hundred miles, let the river do the work for us.

As we drifted lazily with the current, letting it transport us through this amazing corridor, I found it difficult to believe that such a gentle river could have cut such a deep incision into the earth. The answer, of course, was that it has been at this work for a very long time. It was a placid meandering stream. As the Uinta Mountains pushed up, the Yampa continued to cut its meandering bed through 2000 feet of solid rock.

I was surprised further by the abundance of white sand beaches, ideal for swimming, and the many grassy banks and shaded groves of boxelder and cottonwood trees, ideal for camping, that lined the river's edge. The natural landscaping of the valley floor, which seems generally more broad than the river itself, added greatly to its charm.

Now and then this peaceful and lazy journey was punctuated by the momentary excitement of running a rapids, through which the great rubber boats glided with supple ease. There are only four real rapids on the Yampa, all short, and all easily taken by the boats. However, if we had been apprehensive, we could have walked around any of them on foot, while Bus took the



Where the sun pierces a break on the canyon wall,  
a grove of boxelders is brilliantly spotlighted.

boats through. This, by the way, can be done on any of the rapids in the monument; the big ones in Lodore Canyon, and the moderately big ones in Split Mountain.

At first I had the feeling that what we were seeing was just a magnificent, but brief, part of the monument. But as we drifted down the Yampa, the scenery, instead of diminishing in beauty, continued to be more impressive with each mile. The lower thirty miles of the Yampa Canyon is unquestionably a masterpiece beyond description or price.

Four days later, as we quietly passed through Split Mountain's dramatic exit, I knew I could no longer face this dispute with detachment. I had been privileged to

Photograph by  
Devereux Butcher

**Echo Park is considered by many to be the scenic climax of Dinosaur National Monument.**





**If Echo Park dam is built, only the top of Steamboat Rock and the canyon rims will remain above water.**

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see extraordinary natural beauty, which few have seen, and I was grateful to those who helped set this monument aside so that others might see it too. What we saw and experienced was thrilling, and so easy that I have returned each year to make the river trip again with Bus Hatch.

In approaching this problem I feel that there is a grave danger that the American people will not understand the terms of the sacrifice we are being asked to make. There is a danger of underestimating the value of this area as a national park unit, and, thus glossing over the sacrifice. It is quite clear to me that it is most difficult to make any true appraisal of the sacrifice

here without a clear knowledge of the monument's intrinsic and potential value.

What its value as a park unit is will depend upon several factors: what importance a person places on the intangible values of our existence. Equally important, I think, is how you have seen the area. You can appraise a house by looking at it from the outside; or by looking in the front and back door and through a few of its windows; but if you are thinking of writing out a large check for the place, it would be wise to inspect the inside pretty thoroughly.

You can see the monument in its present undeveloped state in a number of ways. You can fly over it. You can drive in over its rough dusty roads and get a glimpse here and there of parts of it; or you can examine it more thoroughly by boat. Each method requires more time, but rewards you with a better conception of its value.

I have done all three. Interesting as they are, the views from the air and from the roads give no hint of the incomparable beauty seen from the river.

As I began to probe deeper into the problem, in an effort to understand its complexities, and to get at the fundamental facts, I found the monument and the issues concealed in a ground fog of superstition, myths, legends, faulty information and over-simplification.

I wish to enumerate some of these so that you may appreciate the problems facing an individual who attempts to run an analysis of this dispute.

One of the most popular myths about Dinosaur Monument is that its rivers are so dangerous that only the foolhardy and reckless dare journey down them by boat.

Last summer in my own party there were seventeen of us. It was a three generation family reunion. There were four children, four mothers, a badly crippled brother, and my father, age seventy-six. We floated the full ninety miles from Lily Park to the end. We walked around no rapids; and we made the journey without

incident. To dispel the notion that these trips are expensive affairs, our costs were \$9 per person per day, for everything.

Bus Hatch, by the way, took over 500 people on the river trip this summer. Ages ranged from four to seventy-six. Not an accident was recorded. Accidents are possible, of course, whether the water be moving or still. The record speaks for itself.

This figure of 500 may not seem very impressive until one understands several points. First, few people know anything about the monument, or the availability of these trips. Second, drifting through on its rivers is an unfamiliar mode of tourist travel, uniquely adaptable to this monument. And third, the figure of 500 exceeds the total of all previous years during which Bus has done this sort of thing.

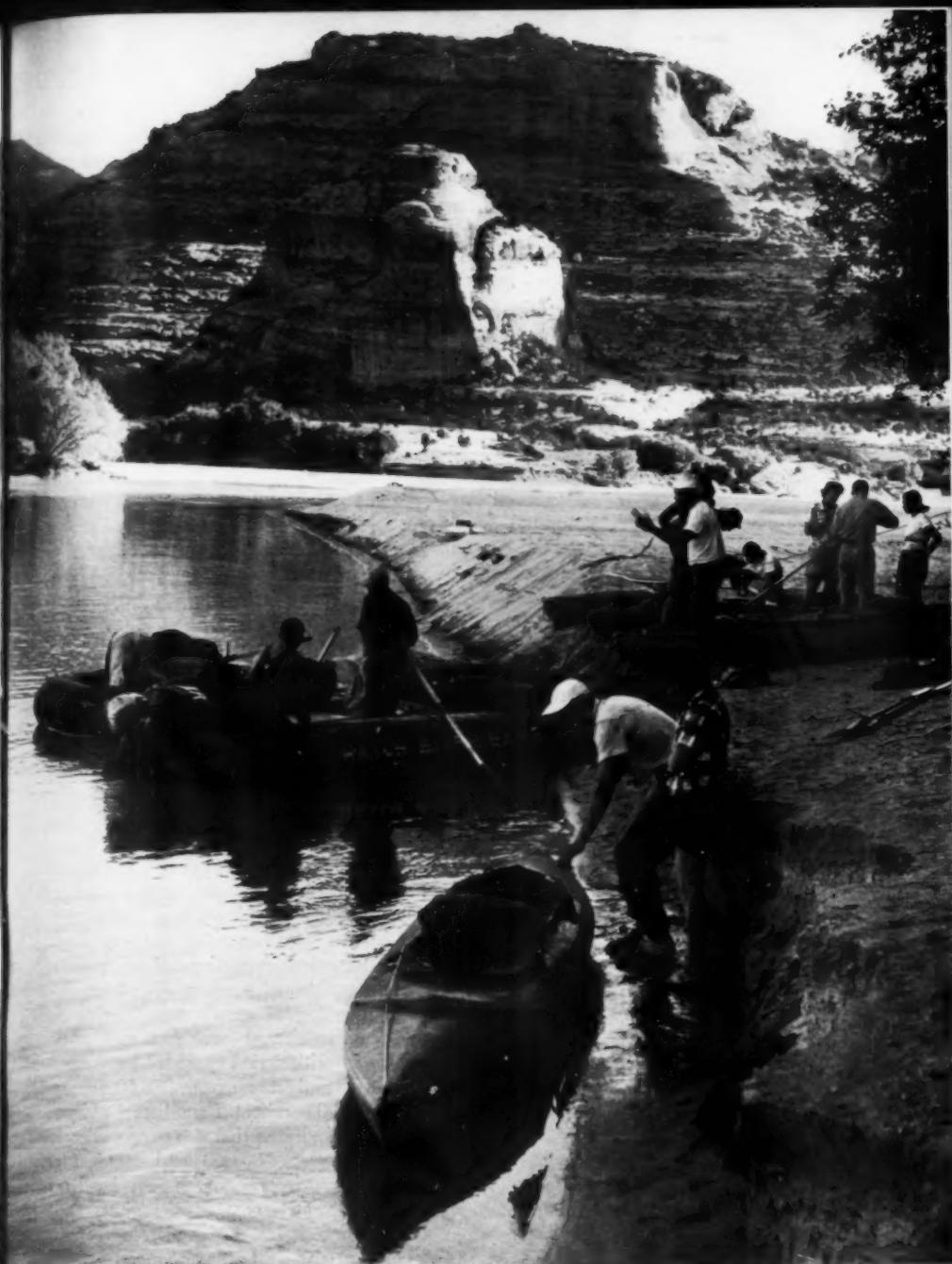
An odd notion that is repeatedly stated in my area is that Dinosaur Monument is of comparatively little value because only a few have seen it. This is another example of the ground fog that conceals the fundamental facts.

Accessibility is a temporary thing. It has nothing to do with permanent values. The treasures of our National Gallery are no less treasures to me in Colorado simply because I find Washington somewhat inaccessible.

All of our national parks were comparatively inaccessible until we provided funds for their development. Hardly a penny has been spent in Dinosaur. Naturally, it is difficult to get into, unless you make a river trip.

In 1893, Yosemite National Park had fewer visitors than Dinosaur did in 1953. Yet, in 1953, a million people visited Yosemite. The hard facts are that some of our existing parks are becoming critically overcrowded. At a time when we should be looking around for a way to distribute the overload, we are being asked to give one of them away and pay the cost in addition.

Proponents, in their enthusiastic description of the lakes, have implied that their



After a night of camping at the junction of the Green and Yampa rivers in Echo Park, we prepare to set out again.

creation automatically makes the canyon country accessible. The lakes cover the same area that is reputed to be already inaccessible. In fact the lakes will actually reduce the accessibility as it exists today in its natural form. Still water will replace the moving stream. Nature has made it possible for anyone to journey through almost without effort. It is a magic carpet. Flooding the canyons will destroy that magic carpet. It will be more difficult to see the Yampa. Few will paddle or row very far up it. To see it with ease we will have to substitute nature's way by adding internal combustion to the scene. And the power boats will wipe out the charm of the great silences of that sunken cathedral.

It has been suggested that the lakes will only alter but not destroy the beauties of the monument. This of course is a matter of opinion, and a matter of interpretation of the word "destroy."

The wonderful city of Venice, which people from all over the world go to see, would be destroyed if its water ways were dried up, or if the water level were raised twenty feet. Either way, its living space would be gone.

I feel the same way about Dinosaur. The issue is not concerned with the height of the fluctuating water mark; nor how high the walls will rise above it; nor how beautiful the lake. By erecting Echo Park dam we will cover the living space—the beaches, the camp grounds, the lovely boxelder groves—with dead water.

The lakes will be beautiful to be sure. We are contemplating, as I understand it, 600 miles of lakes in this project alone. The west will be full of lakes in a few years, all necessary, all beautiful, and all artificial. But we will never find another Yampa Canyon, once it too has become another water tank. If we decide it must be sacrificed, then, in my opinion, we should remove it from the park system.

Repeatedly has it been expressed that the 1938 proclamation provided for these dams anyway. This is just another smoke

screen. The proclamation clearly specifies the site to which it refers. There is no mention or implication that substitute sites would be permissible.

I regret the inclusion of the Brown's Park site in the proclamation, but undoubtedly at that time the arguments for its inclusion were so strong that Mr. Roosevelt felt it had to be included. Now, fifteen years later, there is no mention of any Brown's Park dam. We are told that Echo Park dam amounts to the same thing. Giving a surgeon permission to amputate a finger does not suggest he may cut out my heart.

The only condition that can justify the invasion of this park unit is proof of immediate dire necessity. I am not satisfied that this proof has been demonstrated. For four years now, ever since my first visit to Dinosaur, I have been most concerned with the almost frantic insistence that Echo Park dam be among the first of this titanic project to be installed. For obvious economic reasons, the project will have to be conducted on a stage-by-stage basis. Yet we, who own this area, are being asked to write it off at the very first stage. As one who loves our parks and who is now being called upon to help pay for scuttling one of them, a prize one at that, I am not satisfied that any argument yet presented justifies putting a "rush delivery" label on this one dam.

Alternative dams have been proposed. We have heard endless discussion about the question of evaporation loss at these alternative sites. I have seen careless mistakes in arithmetic exposed. I have watched the figures fluctuate from 350,000 acre feet to 100,000 acre feet. I am disturbed by this.

We have heard that this evaporation loss, now between 100,000 and 200,000 acre feet, is a priceless one. It may be. I come from a water conscious region, and, I must confess, I see this "priceless" ingredient wasted on all sides of me.

Yet, even these figures do not demon-  
(Continued on page 85)

# News from Our Western Office

C. EDWARD GRAVES, Western Representative

TOWARD the end of February, your western representative spent a week-end in the San Francisco Bay area, where he attended the annual meeting of the northern California section of the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs. Speakers were Regional Director Lawrence C. Merriam of the National Park Service, Recreational Director Earl Backman of the California Region of the U. S. Forest Service, and Elmer Aldrich, in charge of conservation for the California Division of Beaches and Parks. The Sierra Club's film on Dinosaur, *River Wilderness Trail*, photographed by Charles Eggert, was shown. The film was taken on one of the Sierra Club's trips through the canyons of the Green and Yampa rivers last summer.

Your Western Representative attended also a meeting of the LeConte Lodge Committee of the Sierra Club to consider ways and means of improving the lodge as a functional educational institution. This building, located near Camp Curry in Yosemite Valley, was constructed by the Sierra Club many years ago as a memorial to Joseph LeConte, a pioneer member of the club, and nationally known as a geologist and conservationist. Before the inauguration of the naturalist service in the national parks, the Sierra Club, through LeConte Lodge, carried on all the interpretive work in Yosemite. In recent years, since the National Park Service has taken over the interpretive work, LeConte Lodge has served as headquarters for mountaineering information in the park, but because of shortage of funds, the program and the building have deteriorated.

At this committee meeting, Ansel Adams, nationally known scenic photographer, and the writer Nancy Newhall, offered their services to convert LeConte Lodge into a Wilderness Preservation Museum. The purpose would be to interpret the work of the

National Park Service and the U. S. Forest Service, and to help people understand and appreciate the meaning of the national parks, the national forests and the wilderness areas.

Your Western Representative offered the cooperation of the National Parks Association in this project, both financially and in other ways. The Sierra Club directors voted to appropriate the necessary funds to initiate the work. It is hoped to have the museum in operation by the middle of May.

In our western office at Carmel, the main activity, since our previous report, has been to further the defense of Dinosaur National Monument. The work started immediately following publication of Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay's decision on December 12, recommending construction of Echo Park dam. Principal efforts have been through articles to the press. On February 5, the *Carmel Pine Cone* published a full-page advertisement prepared from a photograph taken by your Western Representative. Two illustrations showed a scene in the monument's Echo Park area as it looks today, and as it would look if the dam were built. This advertisement has been reprinted in quantity and distributed to all members of Congress. It is also being offered to organizations throughout the country at one dollar a hundred copies. Anyone wishing these should send to our western office.

Two important questions in national park protection at present, aside from Dinosaur, are the effort of commercial interests in the State of Washington to persuade the National Park Service to allow "developments" in Mount Rainier National Park, including construction of an aerial tramway, and the attempt of the Riverside County, California, Board of Supervisors to promote a high-speed highway through Joshua Tree National Monument from Twentynine Palms to Indio.

# National Parks of New Zealand

By ROBIN W. WINKS, Member  
National Parks Association

**A**T first glance it would seem that New Zealand, known as the "Pocket Wonder World," would hardly need national parks, for, while it may not be the island paradise of the romantic dream, it is unquestionably an exceptional land. But New Zealand is not only an island nation in the South Pacific; it is also a European-populated dominion within the British Commonwealth of Nations. The white man has always encroached upon the scenic treasures of the earth for personal gain, perhaps because "each man kills that which he loves most," and the white feels a special love for the forest. Whatever the case, despite her outstanding scenic attractions, European New Zealand has, in the past, experienced the same exploitation that has both

advanced and retarded her sister states. For this reason a belated national park movement has developed in the Land of the Long White Cloud.

Industrialism has now come to New Zealand to stay, but its late arrival has given thoughtful New Zealanders an opportunity to profit by the mistakes of the United States and "the home country," and to take steps to preserve natural beauties.

In American terms it is extremely difficult to determine what is and what is not a national park in New Zealand. Six areas bear the title "national park," but by our standards of protection, at least nine other areas, bearing various titles, would be thought of as national parks or monuments, for they are owned and protected by the

On the west side of North Island stands the snowy 8260-foot cone of Mount Egmont in Mount Egmont National Park.

Photographs by National Publicity Studios



national government and administered in a manner vaguely suggestive of our system. A socialized nation, New Zealand has established a government tourist bureau that owns and operates lodges, under rigid control, within seven of these areas; in addition, the government owns large tracts of land that are preserved as scenic areas penetrated only by trails, not unlike our wilderness area system. To distinguish between these areas in terms of formal designation is most difficult and unnecessary, for all receive equal protection.

The best known of the national parks of New Zealand is the Tongariro. Within the park are mounts Ruapehu, Tongariro, and Ngauruhoe, two extinct volcanoes, the first named still quite active. The area was presented to the government by a Maori chief. Reaching to 9175 feet above sea level, Ruapehu is a thrilling sight whether under its winter mantle of snow, dotted by hundreds of skiers, or whether under its summer cover of clouds. On rare occasions the visitor may see this peak, one of the dominion's two active volcanoes, spew forth steam as of old. This park has been well developed both for skiing and hiking, and an excellent system of trails leads to lakes, hot springs, a number of waterfalls, and sites of historic significance. Accessible by motor road from both Wellington, the national capital, and Auckland, the largest city (nearly 400,000), this park has received the most attention. Its famed government-owned chateau is noted as one of the finest in New Zealand. Yet, such fame has naturally made it necessary for additional safeguards to be taken to protect the wildlife of the park.

Of equal beauty, if not of equal fame, is the Egmont National Park, a large circular area on the bulging Taranaki countryside on the west of the North Island. Here is a mountain of eternal snow, rising 8260 feet directly out of the sea, visible for a hundred miles at sea, a mountain known as the second most perfect in the world (Fujiyama is considered to be first), its per-

fection marred only by a small cinder cone on its north edge. Three motor roads penetrate the park, each snaking up the mountain through lush ferns, which remind one of the Hawaii park drives, each stopping at the 3000 foot level. A trail to the summit, Dawson Falls, two hostels, and a fascinating legend make Egmont a romanticist's paradise. It is told, by the Maori, how Mount Egmont (or Taranaki) was once a member of the same group that dominates Tongariro National Park. Taranaki fell in love with one of the three peaks and, for this indiscretion, was chased from the area. Wounded, Taranaki headed for the sooth-ing sea, cutting the great Wanganui River, the "Rhine of New Zealand," as he went, and creating the Patea Swamp as he sat down to bathe his wounds. Finally, as he sighted the sea, the land god, not wishing to lose such a handsome feature, threw up a small hill in his way and Taranaki settled where he is today. The Maori add that the clouds that one sees trailing from the pencil-point of the peak are the smoke of the fire of the first Maori to reach its summit. While Mount Egmont has taken a toll in human lives, it continues to draw many climbers, both because "it is there," and because it is accessible.

The writer learned a valuable lesson at Rahiri, at the foot of the peak. Here the caretaker at the gate chatted with a group of Americans as they waited for traffic to come down the precipitous one-way road. We asked him how much the entrance fee was to which he replied with the question, "Are you chaps from Scotland?" We told him no, that we were Americans, where-upon our roadside host replied that we were the first Americans he had ever heard ask the price of anything. We took his picture and promised him a copy. He laughed, "I've been promised a picture by a dozen tourists," he said, "and not one remembered." I hope that he may think better of Americans, for long ago he should have received my picture of him and his son, (Incidentally, access to the park is free, as



On the southwest coast of South Island is the famous Fiordland, parts of which are still unexplored.

it is to all of the parks in New Zealand.)

The third national park on the North Island dates from 1952. Tuhoe National Park, named after the Maori tribe of the region, who are known as "The Children of the Mist," is one of the largest. It comprises a huge tract of virtually impenetrable bush country in the little-known Urewera region of the eastern part of the island. Here the Maori, whose venerable women have tattooed chins, still live somewhat as they did a century ago, and their old tribal organization is the least disturbed by white contact of any in New Zealand. The Maoris, the limestone cliffs shrouded in mist, and but one winding, narrow, gravel road, served to create what was, to the writer, the most interesting area in this tiny nation. Still so unexplored that a bird long thought extinct was discovered in one of its secluded valleys this past year; still so inaccessible that the writer counted only three cars going over the road in a day,

the great ridges and valleys of the Tuhoe National Park must be as "magic-mad" as those of Bavaria. Through this area roamed Te Kooti Rikirangi, last of the great Maori war leaders; here was the center of the black magic practiced by the ancient Maori; here was the site of Rua's stronghold, the permanent camp of a polygamous individualist of the 1930's; and here may be seen many Maori meeting houses and villages reached only on foot, for this park was a tribal grant. There are no accommodations in the park for visitors.

Three national parks string out along the center of the South Island. Facing out over the Tasman Sea, Tasman National Park is the least explored of any of the reserves. No road passes through it, and only a poor trail leads the hardy walker to a reward of miles of beach and ocean views. Dedicated as a memorial to Abel Tasman, the Dutch explorer who first sighted Aotearoa in the seventeenth century, this park

is a combination of dense forest and sweeping beach. As yet there are no accommodations and no means of general access. The nearest community of any size is the small city of Nelson.

The most commonly visited, but often the least known, of New Zealand's South Island parks is Arthur's Pass National Park. The South Island is split down its middle by a jagged range of peaks much like the Tetons of Wyoming. In its 500-mile length, only three roads cross the island from east to west; by far the most spectacular of these is New Zealand's own "Going-to-the-Sun Highway," the Arthur's Pass road between Christchurch and Greymouth. A hundred-mile stretch of gravel road passes over a tortuous 3000-foot summit and descends into a great gorge. Here a national park, consisting mainly of the area adjacent to the road, has been established; yet, most may drive the pass without knowing they are in a park area. The problems faced by this park are great, for numerous tiny towns and railroad stations dot the area, and it is hardly representative of the ideal national park.

Far to the south is the area for which New Zealand is most famous—Fiordland. Here "the greatest walk in the world," the famous Milford Track, leads to Sutherland Falls, a 1904 foot cascade which was once thought to be the highest fall in the world. In this area, nature is seen at her best. Parts of it are totally unexplored. A single 150-mile gravel road penetrates the area. Seemingly bottomless lakes and great peaks, many yet unclimbed, challenge the visitor. Here Sir Edmund Hillary trained for the ascent of Mount Everest; here a great landslide may cut off the Milford Lodge—the only accommodation—from its gravel path back to the plains; here is Notornis Valley, where the bird of that name, once thought extinct, has been rediscovered; here roam herds of wapiti, and here grow plants unknown outside the Southland. New Zealanders are intensely proud of the Milford Sound area, and its protection is assured.

Some of New Zealand's greatest attractions are protected within other reserves. The Waitomo Caves are perhaps the most famous. Here is a reserve, with an admission charge and a government hotel, which protects the best example of a glowworm grotto to be seen in the world. Here the *Bolitophila luminosa*, found only in New Zealand, hangs by a thread from the cavern roof, shining his cold, unwinking light like a diamond in an unmoving sky. By boat, as in Mammoth Cave, one passes beneath this eerie canopy, which never fails to move visitors. A busy place, this reserve was often mentioned to the writer, before he visited New Zealand, as "the greatest sight in the land." Here another lesson was learned. An Australian guide, off duty at the end of the day, talked to the writer. One of his suggestions will always be remembered: that if the Americans had "that cave down there" they would put floodlights in it and hire a "name band" and really make it pay, glowworms or no; what beasts we Americans must be in the eyes of some people! But is it any wonder?

Legislation soon will lead to making official a national park which has long been one in practice—the Tararua Range. Protected by the various tramping clubs of Wellington and the vicinity, this rugged, roadless range of high peaks looks down upon the national capital. Thirty miles north of the city, this area is still unspoiled, but dangerous to the uninitiated. Densely covered with native bush, populated with deer and wild pig, the Tararua Range is a hiker's mecca. With its official designation as New Zealand's seventh "national park" it will receive even more protection against lumbering which is slowly working up the valley in quest of the valuable *rimu*.

Other areas that are under protection are the Lake Waikaremoana district, an inland lake of great beauty and of legendary and historical significance; parts of the Wairakei Geyser Basin, the Waipoua Kauri Forest, Lake Wakatipu and Coronet Peak;



Reflected in Lake Matheson, South Island, are Mount Tasman, left, and Mount Cook, the latter New Zealand's highest peak—12,349 feet above sea level. This jagged range is to be included in a national park.

and a stand of forest on the Akaroa Peninsula. Five of these areas require further comment.

The geyser area of New Zealand is more impressive than that of our Yellowstone, not so much because of the size of the geysers, but because of the extent of area they occupy. The North Island was a volcanic region, as still shown by Mount Ruapehu and the off-shore, but clearly visible, smoking crater of White Island, "the Krakatoa of the South Pacific." In the overcommercialized city of Rotorua the Maori has kept possession of the geyser region and gives it reasonable protection,

showing it to tourists who hurry down from Auckland on a two-day stop-over from their boat. Farther south, some of the geyser basins are under almost no protection, and the natural settings of the basins are being logged or eroded away. In the Wairakei area, despite governmental control and a government hostel, the geysers are being experimentally harnessed, and ugly excavations and mounds of dirt and glistening machinery testify to the coming of the white man. This region is being harnessed for hydroelectric power as well, and several great dams are under construction along the Waikato River, New

Zealand's longest. Thus, the thundering Huka Falls, once a foremost attraction of the Lake Taupo district, will be heard but a short time longer; and the beautiful Aratiatia Rapids will be wiped out. However, the silvery Tongariro River, famous as the finest trout stream in the world, will be undisturbed.

The *kauri* tree is fifth largest among the world's big trees. On the northern peninsula of the North Island is the largest remaining stand of these great trees, once abundant but now reduced to a few areas as a result of lumbering. Gum diggers are not entirely to blame, for much of the gum is dug from areas in which the trees no longer grow; yet, this practice also has aided their destruction. Still preserved, and penetrated

by a gravel road is a large stand in which grows the largest known specimen of this tree. It is forty-three feet in diameter, forty-two feet to the lowest branch, and it is estimated to be 1200 years old. Close to it is a sad little sign that points to the charred remains of what was an even larger specimen.

Mount Cook is the highest peak in New Zealand, 12,349 feet of jagged rock. Called Aorangi, "the cloud piercer," by the Maori, this peak is always under snow. The crowning point of the South Island, it nestles between two other great peaks and affords excellent skiing. A government hostel, the Hermitage, is at its foot. From its western slope the largest glaciers in the world, the famed Franz Josef and Fox, slide their

Franz Josef is one of several glaciers that stream down the rugged west slopes of Mount Cook.



glistening bodies down into the fern areas. Lately this wonderful region has been authorized to be established as a national park to include 152,000 acres.

New Zealand has taken strides in the establishment of national parks. However, the parks have been in danger, but not from the lumber interests, who, in a nation facing an acute housing shortage, have the public on their side, or from the engineers. The threat has come from the visiting public—the mass of tourists who swarm over the "protected" areas in such numbers that the word "protected" has meant nothing. But this situation may soon be altered, because lately a law was enacted authorizing the setting up of a national park authority.

The situation with regard to outside pressures is not now acute, for industrialization has not yet completely exploited all of the accessible areas outside the national parks; but one day soon, the wild pig will disappear from the Tararua, just as the flightless kiwi has disappeared before the swift-footed Maori dog; one day New Zealand may awake to find itself without its scenic

beauties, and without its distinctive flora and fauna. But if New Zealand wants to save its natural beauty and its original plant life and animal life, it can do so by learning from the mistakes that have been made in other countries, notably the United States. The lessons we learned the hard way at Hetch Hetchy Valley and at the Tensas Swamp, she can benefit by; and the national struggle now being waged at our Dinosaur National Monument can serve to help her mark out a carefully planned route to the permanent protection of her natural wonders. New Zealand's future can be bright indeed—if she chooses to make it so.

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In 1952, under a Fulbright Scholarship, Robin W. Winks traveled 12,000 miles in New Zealand, most of it by hitch-hiking. He wrote two books and several articles on various aspects of New Zealand life, and returned to serve as an instructor in anthropology and history at the University of Colorado. He is at present working on his Ph. D. at The Johns Hopkins University. He hopes to write on the national parks of Australia for the readers of NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE later in the year.—Editor.

## MEXICAN BIG BEND PROSPECTS

It has long been the hope of park enthusiasts in our country that Mexico would establish a national park across the Rio Grande adjoining our Big Bend National Park in Texas. The proposed Mexican park would embrace the highly scenic section of the Sierra del Carmen and Sierra Fronteriza south of Boquillas Canyon, and a strip along the Rio Grande to include the south walls of Mariscal and Santa Elena canyons. The issue has seemed to drag for many years, but recently there has been some increased interest on both sides of the border. Plans are being furthered by the cooperative action of the Alpine, Texas, Chamber of Commerce, which has established an international park commission to work on the project. The new commission is made up of members from the State of Texas, and from Mexico, including Governor Roman Cepeda Flores of Coahuila, Governor Oscar Soto Maynez of Chihuahua, and Deputy Jesus M. Ramon Cantu of Cuidad Acuna, Coahuila. A meeting of the commission was held in Big Bend National Park in October.

Establishment of the park must be by decree of the President of Mexico. Agricultural and grazing interests must be considered, as well as the fluorspar mining interests and logging interests. The area includes the only forest of any consequence in this part of Mexico. Perhaps we should not look for any early establishment of the Mexican area.

## CHALLENGE OF THE PARKS

*(Continued from page 52)*

comes, the parks will be enjoyed as they should, with reverence and understanding.

The National Parks Association can perform no greater service than to stress through every medium at its command the importance of proper appreciation. It should cooperate closely with the National Park Service and all other agencies, including the schools of America, in bringing this about. There should be an enlivened and enriched program of interpretation not only within the parks but outside as well. Every piece of literature, every news release, every picture can carry the vital message. We shall use all the skills we have and all our knowledge to tell the story. Through infinite repetition over the years, the ideal will be realized, and only then will the parks be safe.

Until that time, the skirmishes and battles to protect these areas will continue. We must hold the line with all the resources at our command; oppose the slightest suggestion that might lead to further deterioration. We must provide the National Park Service with the congressional support it needs. We must keep forever before us the true meaning of the original intent of Congress to leave the parks unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations.

## WE EXPLORED

*(Continued from page 76)*

strate the need for Echo Park dam *now*; they merely hint that we probably should not erect the suggested alternatives *now*.

We are reminded of commitments that must be met. There are other commitments involved besides the one between the upper and lower basin states. One of them is a commitment made to all of the American people which guaranteed to them the protection of our outstanding scenic assets: the National Park Act of 1916, conceived three quarters of a century ago, and honored by every administration since.

For four years now I have attempted to understand why this most controversial and dangerous dam has been pushed for immediate delivery with such stubborn insistence, and I simply have no answer.

The Bureau of Reclamation seems almost willing to scuttle the whole project to make its point. Were it not for Echo Park dam's extraordinary priority, this project might already be under way, and the people of Colorado and Utah that much closer to the day of delivery.

The Bureau has insisted that it is the key. I'm not convinced of that, and I'm not prepared to wipe out this great park on its say so. It may well be a key, but not to the project. This has too many indications of being the key that will unlock the gates to our whole park system. Dinosaur, a recent monument, new, undeveloped, little known, is more vulnerable to attack than any other park unit. If the invasion can be accomplished now, the people who own it will have no real conception of what they have been asked to give away.

I am grateful to this committee for giving me this opportunity. I am one out of 160 million people. You have not time to hear all of us. My position is not an easy one. It is always hard to speak of intangible values. In any particular moment of time, when intangibles come in conflict with other basic human needs, they appear to come off second best. They cannot be eloquently represented in words, and they cannot be measured by the cost per cubic foot of reinforced concrete. Yet, in the long view of time, it is always the intangibles which survive. Art, music, literature, even religion itself, these are the things that people have kept and cherished. Our national parks are among them, and Dinosaur is certainly one of the most exquisite gems of our "crown jewels."

I know you gentlemen are fully aware of these intangibles. After all, the preservation of our national parks has been in your hands. As everybody knows and appreciates, that job has been done very well.

## REFUGE PROGRAM

*(Continued from page 56)*

accepted opinion that the land had proved worthless for farming and that there would be no objection to plugging up the outlets of the drainage ditches and holding back the waters from the melting winter snows and spring rains, if any. By so doing, a benevolent service would be performed by rescuing the farmers from the cropless, hayless, dried-up slough bottoms and holding back the spring run-off from flooding the main streets of Minot. If it also proved beneficial to the ducks, so much the better. By starting work right away, the ex-commissioner thought some of the old duck marshes could be at least partly restored for the coming spring's nesting season.

That was the most practical idea which had yet been presented to the Duck Committee and if the ex-conservation commissioner of North Dakota could furnish so good a prospect for easy restoration, why not question other fish and game or conservation commissioners in other duck nesting areas?

A series of letters was therefore promptly sent out by our committee stating our objectives and asking cooperation in locating suitable restoration projects where wild ducks had traditionally nested and water was available for reflooding. The response was electrifying and enthusiastic from almost all of the northern border states to whom our letters had gone. There must have been, out of that brief exchange of letters, a half dozen fairly well documented projects which came in by return mail. Others asked a little time to make surveys and secure data we had requested.

Newspaper publicity can be very helpful on some occasions and on others it can raise merry hell. The committee had felt so very optimistic over the prospects uncovered in our brief contact with the state conservation commissioners that the committee prepared a rosy press release in which we expanded eloquently on the assured benefits both to man and waterfowl. We even

went so far as to enlarge upon the aid we would be bringing to the great Harry Hopkins, Harold Ickes, *et al*, the already established relief agencies, resettlement, unemployment and civilian conservation camps. Ouch! The relief czars did not appreciate our offers of assistance.

The pattern of restoration projects designed for the northern border states had hardly had time to reach the public before we were bombarded with complaints by mail, wires and personal visitations. What's the matter with Kansas? What's the matter with Wyoming? What's the matter with Utah—Illinois—Maine—Missouri, etc. Why were they not included in the committee's search for restoration projects, they wanted to know. Indiana not only objected strenuously to the oversight, but sent in project maps, surveys and detailed estimates of costs for restoration of former duck nesting marshes, with a typical history of attempted drainage, boom sale of farms, crop failures, bankruptcy and ruin for all concerned, including a liberal estimate of puddle ducks which had formerly nested there. States which had not been included in our former pattern called upon their congressional delegations to look into the matter. The White House mail contained similar complaints, and F. D. R. sent us a snappy memo warning us against favoritism. It was contrary—he announced publicly—to the policy of his administration to allow any discrimination whatsoever. That was a hot one since it opened the flood gates wide to all the states in the union which might have a piece of old wasteland they would like to sell to the government. What had seemed at the moment an insurmountable piece of bad luck eventually proved highly beneficial.

Thus, the Mouse River project sent in by the ex-fish and game commissioner of North Dakota snowballed into a nationwide avalanche which made the large wall map in our temporary quarters, on which we placed tacks to designate recommended projects, look more like a double-barrelled shotgun pattern than it did like an emer-

gency rescue mission, for which our committee had originally been appointed.

The original conception of our mission to restore the nesting marshes was now buried under stacks of blueprints and offers to sell to us everything from cutover forest land to Oklahoma cattle ranches. Delegations headed by congressmen filled our meager quarters and formed a line in the corridor of the Department of Agriculture.

By the end of the fifth week we had fairly well documented projects listed favorably for further investigation in forty-six of the forty-eight states. Our cart had gone a long way ahead of our horse. A place for the wild ducks to lay their eggs and rear their young had been our first objective. There was no reason why, with a little cooperation from the established relief agencies, that part of the program could not be started at once, if it were not smothered to death under the ominous glut of extracurricular habitat areas which outnumbered our nesting projects ten to one. The longer we put off turning in our report the more ponderous the list of excess projects would appear. It seemed a good time to stop, write our report and go home. On that point the three members of the committee thoroughly agreed.

If there is a word in the English language expressing violent explosion, only louder and longer lasting, I'd like to use it now. In the fast-moving assembly of our project lists, there had been no occasion to clash over matters of principle or personal prejudices. The report should emphasize the primary necessity for restored nesting environment, but the rest of the projects, with secondary rating and outside the traditional summer breeding range, were only included in the file to comply with the President's request for "no favoritism." After that, the committee fell apart with all the violence of an exploding powder magazine. Tom Beck, the chairman who had the resonant voice of a sideshow barker, could out-shout both Aldo Leopold and me. He held the floor against all attempts to get a word in edge-

ways, and insisted on stating in the report to the President that the Biological Survey was "incompetent and unscientific" and should get the ax, and he wanted to be present to see the heads roll.

Leopold, his chin trembling with emotion, would stand for no such foolishness, and washing his hands of the whole mess, left for home. Those last meetings of the committee, in an attempt to agree on so simple a subject as a wild duck restoration policy report, would chill the heart of any advocate of World Peace or Union Now. The breach was never healed, and the nearest approach to a compromise was an agreement that only our recommended projects report would be released to the press, and that Beck's "policy" report, if he chose—signed only by himself—would be sent to the President, but not released to the public.

Small difference it ever made, because the President never read either report. The bitterness engendered in the final committee session never came to light, but the listing of the recommended projects in our press release apparently met with general public approval. There followed a brief period of silent expectancy, while the President was supposed to be digesting the recommendations. The silence became oppressive. Still nothing happened. More silence. Letters began to reach the committee members inquiring "Why the delay?" Ducks were reported already on the way north toward their summer nesting grounds. Sports writers, conservationists, news reporters and particularly a great many widely scattered state cooperators wanted to know what had happened to their local projects on which they had spent a great deal of time and energy.

A Washington news man was requested to needle the President at the next press conference. "What has become of the Duck Committee report?" . . . F.D.R. hesitated—"Um . . . ah," said the President, and looked at McIntire, his press secretary. McIntire's face was a blank. Finally the President said he had only seen the account that had appeared in the newspapers. There were wide-

spread repercussions from that remark. McIntire was reported later to have found the report still unopened and evidently unread, buried under a pile of reading matter on the table at the head of F.D.R.'s bed.

The incident confirmed the feeling that the Duck Committee had gradually acquired—that F.D.R.'s interest was not so much concerned with the rescue of the ducks as it was to quiet the irritating clamor of the duck hunters, and to keep the nature lovers off his political back. The committee's activities had served that purpose for a while, but that period was past. The demand for something tangible could no longer be disregarded. Ever since the close of the previous duckless hunting season, the subject had been given noisy attention. The peace which had reigned during the Duck Committee's deliberation was over. The wild horses had broken loose again.

The members of the committee, who were hardly on speaking terms with each other, and who had paid their own expenses while on the Washington assignment, because no one had volunteered to pick up the tab, were in no mood for further participation in the complicated political mess. We had neither authority nor funds to implement the program we had set up. I never knew just what happened behind the scenes in Washington at that time, but coat tails were on fire from the heat generated by the state agencies, which had really gone to town on what was supposed to be an administration-sponsored program.

I was called back to Washington and urged to take over the directorship of the Biological Survey, and to carry out the project recommendations of the committee report.

I certainly did not want the job. A singed cat was never more conscious of the dangers of fire than I was of the hazards in trying to get anything done in Washington.

The Bureau of Biological Survey had no money for even routine operations, to say nothing of wide expansion. (This of course antedated the Norbeck incident). I knew the

repercussions that were sure to follow the drastic restrictions on shooting, which had to be made. From my contacts with the division chiefs of the Bureau, I knew that to take over the command I would be about as welcome as a rattlesnake at a Sunday school picnic. And yet, no one who had worked through that period of assembling the file of restoration projects could be unaware of the hopes of the people who had helped to set them up. The restoration of the northern breeding grounds and the thought that the list of projects might share the fate of so many other conservation efforts and be left to gather dust in the archives of some Washington bureau was too much for me.

I accepted conditionally, however, reminding F. D. R. of his promise of \$1,000,000 for operations, without which nothing could be done; and I received in return one of his gorgeous smiles, and he held out a package of Camel's, saying as he did so, "Let's smoke a good cigarette on it."—What a simpleton I was! I thought he meant it. I never saw a thin dime of the President's million-dollar promise, and thereby hangs the tale which resulted in Senator Norbeck's six-million-dollar Senate Resolution.

The reshuffle of the personnel in the Bureau of Biological Survey was followed by the relief that comes from extracting a badly ulcerated tooth. The soreness did not last long, and the way the majority of the people in the bureau—like hungry bass—snapped at the lures of constructive work to be done, was an unexpected pleasure. After all, the only thing the bureau needed was a chance to show what it could do and someone to fight for its right to do it. Oh Boy! Did they go to town! Technical experts on food habits of newly hatched ducklings and environmental control came out from under the shadows of the laboratory tables, where an ogre of a division chief had cowed them. Field men came in to the central headquarters who had not seen a representative from the home office for seven years. Skilled young men and trained technicians with

their heads full of the right things to do, but never a chance to demonstrate, blossomed like bright daisies all over the place.

Sure we ran into debt. What did I know about bureaucratic finances; and besides, hadn't F. D. R. promised \$1,000,000? The moss-covered accounting division of the Department of Agriculture was unimpressed by the million-dollar promise of the President, and held us rigidly within our budgetary limits.

With the importation of a skilled specialist or two, recruited from outside, and the rejuvenated staff men within the Bureau, our restoration area inspections, corrections and final details moved ahead rapidly. All we needed was a little slice of that million-dollar Presidential promise to start the machinery.

I can laugh now at myself over the cat and mouse game they put over on me, but I never did find out why they did it, and I suppose I never will. Of course, I was just a "dirty Republican" working under a New Deal administration, but that does not explain why they should doublecross some of their own pet humanitarian boasts just to give the merry ha-ha and the well known Washington "run-around" to the emergency duck rescue program. It was just that unexplainable road-block which made Senator Norbeck turn one of F.D.R.'s little pleasantries into a ring-tailed squealer that took all the practical jokers of the administration hierarchy by surprise.

It was at one of the White House Sunday night scrambled egg suppers that Mrs. Roosevelt dropped me a bit of *sotto voce* advice on getting to the President with my stalemated program. "Frank is just a push-over for maps," said she, or words to that effect. "You can get most anything you want if you just show him a good map." I tried it and it proved quite true. His fascination was very evident, particularly where artificial drainage had left farmers stranded on unproductive lands. He liked to philosophize on the practices which had ruined so many farmers. This was always my cue to remind

him that since he did not see fit to allocate any of the promised million, why not suggest to Resettlement that they get the stranded farmers off this old duck nesting ground and ask Harry Hopkins to put some of his unemployed workers to plugging up the outlets of the drainage ditches.

"Good idea," said he, and wrote on one of his little memo tablets, which he called "chits," a memo to the administrators of the Resettlement and another to Harry Hopkins to "Help Ding out on such and such a project." No small boy with a new cowboy hat and Texas boots ever felt more like a big shot than I did walking out of the White House with my first memo signed with the familiar "F.D.R." in his own handwriting! Before I got to the end of that series of "chits," however, none of which ever produced any revenue for the program, the delusion of grandeur had worn pretty thin, along with my shoe leather. The next time it might be a chit to Harold Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, to Dan Roper, Secretary of Commerce, to Budget Director Lew Douglas or Treasury Secretary Morgenthau. With little variation, all of the memos read: "Please find a million dollars for Ding's ducks." Signed F.D.R. These "chits" were never put in an envelope, and I could always read the cheering message and hit the trail of the relief agencies with new hope.

There generally was a long wait in the anteroom, frequently followed by the appearance of the third assistant receptionist and "so-and-so is sorry, but he is very busy today and could you come back tomorrow." When I finally got in for the audience and presentation of the "chit" autographed with the President's familiar initials, there was always a cordial greeting, unctuous expression of sympathy in the great cause I was serving, but right now it just so happened that none of them had a loose million they could let me have. Try as best I could to freeze onto one of those "million-dollar chits" as a souvenir, they always insisted on keeping them. I might just as well have

kept the whole lot and never presented them at all, so far as getting any money out of them was concerned, but I never could get over the faith which the President's initials and his million-dollar memoires inspired.

I had moments of suspicion that I was being kidded, but was never convinced until one day Harry Hopkins, no stranger by now, said he had good news for me. He would have the money for me if I would call the next morning at nine o'clock. The next morning at breakfast a newspaper headline caught my eye: "Harry Hopkins sails for Europe." He had sailed at midnight to "study the relief administration as practiced in other countries." At the Hopkins office, Jake Baker, first assistant administrator, gave me a fishy eye. No, of course there was no relief money for ducks—and all but threw me out of his office when I tried to explain Harry Hopkins' statement of the day before.

Rex Tugwell, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, who had always expressed interest in our restoration program, upon learning of my failures to get the necessary funds to implement it, offered to put some of our wildfowl restoration projects on his list of resettlement and sustenance farm projects, which he was to present to the President for authorization and money the next day. Together we went over my project list, selected from it those which fitted pretty well into his pattern of human rehabilitation.

I was anxiously awaiting him on his return from the White House. He did not look very happy and said that the President had spotted our duck restoration projects from the maps I had shown him, remembered their names and locations and said, "That's one of Ding's jobs, isn't it?" and upon confirmation, drew his blue pencil through each one of the half dozen of our projects on the Tugwell list, with the remark: "Don't give that fellow anything."

That disillusionment sank in pretty deep, but the real payoff of all of F.D.R.'s little pleasantries had been the memo which he had given me to deliver to Secretary of the

Treasury Henry Morgenthau. It was similar to the others: "Dear Henry—Please find a million dollars among some of your funds which Ding can use for the conservation of his ducks." Contrary to the usual procedure, I was ushered into the Secretary's office at once and greeted most cordially, and unnecessarily reminded that he had been conservation commissioner of New York State under Governor Roosevelt—always glad to do anything possible in the way of conservation. Now what was it I had in mind, and these ducks which the President referred to—what ducks were they and where did I keep them? I began to sense that here was something new and strange. Could it be possible that the Secretary of the Treasury had not heard of F.D.R.'s little practical joke? Relating briefly my mission, the Secretary looked quite startled. He thought he should call the White House about it, and did. His worried look gave way to a relaxed smile as the President evidently explained the hoax. At the conclusion, Mr. Morgenthau drew himself up with new dignity and, adjusting his pince nez, announced that in a matter of such importance he would have to consult the solicitor of the Treasury Department on the legal aspects before making a definite commitment. He would be happy to let me know soon, since he was fully aware of the gravity of the situation.

Of course he knew, and F.D.R. knew, that the Secretary of the Treasury had no authority to dispense any funds whatsoever except on fixed instructions from Congress. I knew that too, but there were such strange things going on in the field of finance in those days that one could never tell right from wrong, and for the sake of conservation I was willing to take a chance.

A few days later a typewritten letter from the White House enclosed a negative report from the Secretary of the Treasury. He was informed by the legal staff of the Treasury Department that the Secretary of the Treasury was prevented by law from com-

plying with the request for funds with which to finance the Duck Restoration Program. Congress alone had jurisdiction over Treasury expenditures and the Biological Survey director was advised to take his request to Congress and depend on the action of that august body to determine the fate of our emergency duck mission. F.D.R.'s accompanying letter expressed disappointment that all his efforts had proved so fruitless. He now was convinced that our only course was to apply to Congress for special appropriations to finance the Emergency Duck Restoration Program.

It was a copy of that letter which the late Senator Norbeck used to pull from his inside pocket in defense of his six-million-dollar resolution whenever he was accused of "conspiracy to defraud the U. S. Government." God rest his kindly soul for his sense of humor and righteous indignation over what seemed to him—and to most of us who knew the circumstances—an uncalled for affront to an important and practical conservation program. His timely Senate Resolution broke the deadlock. The national wildlife refuges are functioning successfully. The present system has grown to a total of 272 refuge areas, comprising 17,409,968 acres, unique in the world's conservation of wildlife.

Who conceived and established the National Wildlife Refuge Program? It does not matter much because, for those who participated, there remains a monument to their efforts which will stand as long as migratory

waterfowl continue to follow the four great flyways of the North American continent.

Prophesies are always dangerous, but the refuges and safeguards which resulted from those early difficult days have insured most of the species of wild ducks and geese and many other migratory birds permanently against extinction. The only reason the word "forever" was left out of this prediction is that Congress may still override the jurisdiction of the Fish and Wildlife Service and open the established refuges to political management.

Or the Army Engineer Corps and the Bureau of Reclamation engineers, knowing not one damned thing about the balance of nature's law—and caring less—could, as they have often done in the past, usurp control on some trumped-up pretext such as "national defense" or "hydroelectric industrialization and flood control" and turn everything into a biological desert.

Already several bills have been introduced in Congress which have sought to open the migratory waterfowl wildlife refuges to public shooting. The grazing herds of the cattlemen's associations would like to invade the restored areas. Mineral rights and wildcat drilling for oil on areas set aside for wildlife conservation, national parks, national monuments and national forests continue to seek special dispensation. The refuge system is now in good hands and being well managed, but the time will never come when it will not require careful watching.

## FIRST ANNUAL NASH CONSERVATION AWARDS

ON the evening of January 7, twenty winners of the first annual Nash Conservation Awards were honored by George W. Mason, president and chairman of the board of the Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, at a dinner in the Hotel Statler, Washington, D. C.

Among the award sponsors who attended the dinner were senators Ferguson, Potter,

Robertson, Dingell, Hope and Thompson; and among the more than 300 guests there were Assistant Secretary of the Interior Orme Lewis, Director of the National Park Service Conrad L. Wirth, Director of the Fish and Wildlife Service John L. Farley, Executive Vice President of Nash Kelvinator George Romney, Executive Secretary of The Wilderness Society Howard Zahn-



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iser, President Richard W. Westwood and Vice President Harry E. Radcliffe of the American Nature Association, Conservation Director of the National Wildlife Federation Charles H. Callison, Secretary of the North American Wildlife Foundation C. R. Gutermuth, Chairman of the Department of Conservation, American Museum of Natural History, Richard H. Pough, Editor of the Conservation News Service Carl D. Shoemaker, your Executive Secretary Fred M. Packard and Field Representative Devereux Butcher.

The purpose of the dinner was to promote greater understanding of the need for and nature of modern scientific conservation; to show the inter-relatedness of all phases of conservation work, whether in soil, water, forests, fish or wildlife; to direct attention to outstanding professional and amateur conservation workers who would not otherwise receive public recognition, and thus to make clear the meaning and importance of their work, and of modern conservation.

The twenty winners were selected from 729 nominees. They included Russell Z. Eller, San Marino, California, for his work as a volunteer coordinator in the U. S. Forest Fire Prevention Campaign, and specifically for the important part he played in creating the "Smokey Bear" symbol; Al D. Sutherland, Fond Du Lac, Wisconsin, for outstanding contributions to conservation programs in Wisconsin; Francis H. Kortright, Toronto, Ontario, for his successful efforts to provide sound conservation of his country's renewable natural resources; Mrs. E. E. Byerrum, Warrenville, Illinois, for work as conservation chairman of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

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### CORRECTION

The name of the author of *Visitors-Register Here*, in our foregoing issue, should have been spelled Eleanor Houston.

# THE PARKS AND CONGRESS

83rd Congress to April 1, 1954

**H. R. 1037** (Johnson) To establish the Green River Canyons National Park, in Colorado and Utah, from a portion of Dinosaur National Monument. Before the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs.—Hearings have not been scheduled, pending decision on **H. R. 4443** by the same committee.

**H. R. 1038** (Johnson) To prohibit the construction, operation, or maintenance of any project for the storage or delivery of water within or adversely affecting any national park or monument. Before the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs.—No action has been taken.

**H. R. 4443** (Aspinall), **H. R. 4449** (Dawson), **H. R. 4463** (Stringfellow), **S. 1555** (Milliken and others) To authorize the construction of the Upper Colorado River Storage Project. Before the House and Senate Committees on Interior and Insular Affairs.—The House Committee held hearings January 18 through 28, at which many national conservation organizations, including the National Parks Association, testified in opposition to inclusion of Echo Park dam in the project. The status of this legislation is reported below.

**H. R. 4646** (Ellsworth), **H. R. 3170** (Harris), **H. R. 7683** (Metcalf), **S. 85** (Cordon) To provide for exchange of federal timberland for private forested lands acquired for reservoirs or other purposes.—Because of protest by conservationists about the undesirable features of **H. R. 4646**, the author stopped action on the bill when it came up for vote. It was called for vote again on February 17. Although passage seemed likely a few days earlier, Congressman Lee Metcalf, of Montana, analyzed its defects so effectively on the floor that it was returned to committee by a vote of 226 to 161. This means defeat for the bill in its present form, and represents a major victory for conservationists. **H. R. 7683**, which was drafted with the advice of the National Parks Association, corrected many inequities in **H. R. 4646**; but even so, this is special interest legislation that would be injurious to the national forests and should not be enacted. The bills propose an exchange of federal property without adequate regard to other uses or management of the lands concerned. As amended, national parks, national monuments and certain other reservations were to be exempted. (See page 185 in NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE for October-December 1953.)

**H. R. 5358** (Hope), **S. 783** (Anderson) To protect the surface values of lands within the national forests. Before the House Committee on Agriculture and the Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs.—These bills are excellently designed to correct abuses inherent in the antiquated mining laws.

**H. R. 6081** (Metcalf) To provide maximum beneficial use of the Taylor Grazing Lands. Before the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs.—Under the present Taylor Grazing Act, livestock interests function through advisory boards to exert undue influence over the decisions of the Bureau of Land Management, so that in some instances overgrazing and deterioration of public lands continue. This bill would broaden these boards to include members concerned with watershed protection, timber, recreation, wildlife and the general public, and improve practices relating to grazing permits and fees.

**H. R. 6787** (Hope), **S. 2548** (Aiken) To facilitate the administration of natural forests. Passed the Senate; hearings have been held by the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs.—The original stockmen's bills, **H. R. 4023** (D'Ewart) and **S. 1491** (Butler), attacked the authority of the Forest Service to administer the national forests in accordance with its careful management program. Public outcry was so strong that the new bills were introduced to remove the most objectionable features.

## The Hearings on Echo Park Dam

At the hearings on **H. R. 4443**, witnesses from all parts of the country, representing leading conservation organizations or speaking as private citizens, based their objections to this dam on the fundamental importance of ensuring continued inviolate

protection for our national parks and monuments.

Congressman John P. Saylor, of Pennsylvania, contributed invaluable service to the conservationists' case by helping them make their position clear to the committee. His

aid was a key factor in the hearings, and it was greatly appreciated.

While opposition to Echo Park dam is a matter of principle, General U. S. Grant III, of the American Planning and Civic Association, and Joseph W. Penfold, western representative of the Izaak Walton League of America, analyzed the Bureau of Reclamation's reports to show that it is possible to change the construction sequence of other proposed dams so as to provide the desired water and power benefits without building Echo Park dam. David R. Brower, executive director of the Sierra Club, proved that errors in elementary arithmetic had been made by Under-Secretary Tudor and the Bureau in calculating the estimates of evaporation losses, thus discrediting the basis for proposing this dam. Your Executive Secretary Fred M. Packard discussed the history and legal factors underlying establishment of the

monument and the relationship of the water development program to them. Stephen and David Bradley spoke eloquently as private citizens, while many other witnesses presented various aspects of the subject.

As of this writing, the committee has issued no report on the bill. There is indication that it is not likely to be approved unless the authorization for Echo Park dam is deleted, for many members of the committee are now aware that there is good reason for the strong national sentiment against the dam. The expression of public opinion to the Congress has been vigorous and effective. It is important that the people continue to advise their representatives in Congress of their views, because the overall project probably eventually will reach the floors of House and Senate for vote, and even though the dam should be deleted in committee, effort might be made to restore it to the bills then.

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